

# Sports Illustrated

MARCH 4, 1968 40 CENTS

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The Oh-My-Heavens one. You release a few latches and those panels in the roof are ready for lift off. You release a few more and the rear window's ready for lift off. You flip the key in the ignition and you . . . and you . . . say, you're not listening. Hello, do you read us? What's the use. You're in a world all your own. **Corvette** Like a car, only better.



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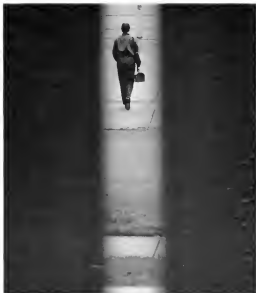


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## Next week

**THE SANDS AND CACTI** of Florida and Arizona form the backdrop for baseball's annual surge of optimism. A report on the main source of hope: the new crop of rookies.

**ONCE A WINTER** the sun and sky and sea are in perfect balance—and surfers ride the wild ones off Oahu, Hawaii. Our pattern photographer, Neil Leifer, portrays it all in color.

**THE TIMID GENERATION** is the way a Duke professor describes today's students, and a close look at his school supports the theory that in some areas youth is not in revolt.

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Achievement in sport is, essentially, the province of youth. The classic story on the subject is the one about Stan Musial, in his final big-league season, meeting President Kennedy in the White House. "Stan," said Kennedy, "you're 42 and I'm 46. How come you're too old and I'm too young?"

The crucial divide for athletics appears to be 40. Once a man reaches that magic figure—whether he is a major-leaguer or a Walter Mitty in sweat pants—he has to pause and think things over. Which is what Ezra Bowen does on page 48 of this issue. Ezra, who passed 40 a year ago, sings a personal requiem to his athletic youth—a wry, sentimental salute that sounds a universal note. That note, to some extent, sustains this magazine, for watching and discussing and reading about sport is in part a means of keeping fresh the remembrance of great things past. The precise definition of "great" does not matter, nor does it matter how far past is past. You may be a feeble old man of 20, not good enough to play college football, you watch instead and, watching, remember your own glory days as a 159-pound halfback for Hallelujah High the year you won the Shallow River Conference championship. Or you may be a kid of 50, a 10-handicap golfer; as Nicklaus stacks an iron five feet from the pin you remember that really great approach shot you pulled off in front of the crowd on the 18th (there must have been at least 20 people watch-

ing) in last year's club championship.

It's a young feeling, sport, and we try to keep that feeling in our copy, in our pictures, in our attitude. While we try to temper the rashness of youth with the serene wisdom of age (a representative selection of our editors and writers are properly long in the tooth), we believe firmly that an excellent way to learn about the young men who star in sport is to send young men to report on them. Our bylines this week reflect that attitude: the ages behind the bylines are like 27, 23, 25, 32, 24, 31.

Even Ezra Bowen, looking back from the vast barren reaches of old age, is hardly a doddering 41, no matter what he says. A lean, superfit 6-footer, he is possibly more active than most college kids, probably in better physical shape and certainly fully as enthusiastic about sports, games, competition, fun, excitement. Bowen is now with Time-Life Books, but he is a genuine Old Boy of *SI*, a member of the staff that started the magazine in 1954 and a key editor in our operation until 1964, when he switched to Books to concentrate on writing. Writing is a family habit. His mother is Catherine Drinker Bowen, whose biographies of Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Adams, Sir Edward Coke and Francis Bacon are classics. His wife is Joan Williams, whose *The Morning and the Evening* won the \$10,000 John P. Marquand Award in 1962.

But for all his concentration now on rich, flowing prose, we will continue to think of Ezra as the classic sports editor—the frustrated athlete. We see him, sleeves rolled up, his snowy arms, swinging an imaginary bat to demonstrate how Musial hit to the opposite field or, left fist out and right fist tucked near the jaw, illustrating an Archie Moore combination. If only you could have pulled the ball, Ezra. No telling how many World Series you might have played in.



OLD BOY BOWEN

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# SCORECARD

## SLIPPERY BUSINESS

The National Hockey League has changed the format for this year's Stanley Cup finals in order to give the expansion teams in the West Division an advantage. Four of the possible seven games of the series are scheduled for the West Division rink. Traditionally, this home-ice edge has gone to the team finishing higher in the season standings.

Apparently fearing that the Stanley Cup final, matching the East and West Division champions, would fall as flat as the Super Bowl, NHL authorities changed the rule to narrow the gap between the established and the expansion clubs. But they are trying to make the best of a bad thing.

It would have been far better not to have any such Super Puck at all. Last May, the League proposed a playoff system that would have had two East Division teams playing two West Division teams in the semifinals. The finalists, obviously, were likely to be the two East Division teams, but the point of the Stanley Cup, after all, is to match the two best teams in the league.

However, in September, the NHL very quietly scrapped this plan after complaints from West Division teams. The argument was that unless one of its clubs appeared in the final the West Division would be regarded as playing second-class hockey. In the interest of image-building, the NHL has decided to have a second-class Stanley Cup final instead.

## SILLY MILLIMETERS

Sports administrators in Britain seem to have a penchant for going it alone. First, there was open tennis, and now the association that runs the country's track-and-field events has announced that, beginning this September, Britain will use its own version of the mile, 1,600 meters. Apparently, the standard 1,760-yard mile and its Olympic variant, the 1,500 meters (which is 1,641 yards), are just too messy. Most English tracks are

400 meters around, and the tidy logic behind running a race four times around a track instead of three and three-quarter times is understandable.

While the British are at it, they might well change the distance of the marathon, which is now 26 miles and 385 yards. That distance was established in 1908 at the Olympics in London in order to have the race start on the lawn at Windsor Castle and finish in Shepherds Bush stadium.

## HOUSES WITH HOLES

There was a night recently in the new Madison Square Garden when a basketball game was delayed because of rain—through the roof. Then there was the hockey game at which 7,000 fans booed and waved signs which read "obstructed view." And for the first several days the only part of the Garden scoreboard that worked was the neon advertisement. By the end of last week the management was forced to refund the money of angry ticket holders, many of whom could only see the heads of hockey players when they moved into the corners. At least 1,500 seats will have to be raised, and virtually every railing in the Garden is being removed or lowered by workmen.

The \$43 million Garden is the third poorly conceived and badly constructed indoor sports stadium opened in the last five months.

Another is the \$12 million Spectrum in Philadelphia, which looks at a distance like a tuna-fish can and already has large rust stains running down its exterior. One gusty night two weeks ago the Spectrum lost a 150-by-50-foot section of its roof, as if it wasn't windy enough inside. It is so cold that Arthur Ashe remarked after playing in a tournament there recently, "I couldn't work up a sweat." At least the fans are prepared. To get their tickets in the first place, they must queue up at an outside ticket window. The scoreboard is in place but does not work,

and there isn't a clock in the building.

In Los Angeles, the \$16 million Forum which Jack Kent Cooke built principally for his hockey team has not satisfied all the Kings' fans, despite its plush elegance. The view from several areas is poor. There is one public restaurant—which seats 35 people—and only 3,000 parking places to satisfy capacity crowds of 17,000. In a city where just about everyone drives, the traffic jam at the Forum is particularly horrendous.

It is hard to understand why, after the number of major indoor stadiums constructed in the past 10 years, architects and builders still cannot find out what will work and what will not.

## GULLIBLE

On Adams Pond in Boothbay Harbor, Me., smelting shanties are being used as hunting blinds, but instead of the quarry being mallard or canvasback, it is sea gulls. The pond, which supplies the town's water, has become increasingly polluted by gulls that congregate there after feeding at the local dump. Several schemes to discourage the birds failed, so the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has declared open season on the Boothbay gulls. The Boothbay water company



has designated one of its employees, Lawrence Andrews, to shoot the gulls whenever they appear.

Since the birds fly away at the sight of men, Andrews hides in a shanty mounted on skids. He moves the shack slowly across the ice toward the gulls and, when he gets within range, blasts away through an opening. When the ice

continued



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## SCORECARD continued

melts, Andrews will have to change his technique, but for now, at least, he has it down cold.

### HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES

The U.S. road company of tennis pros which highlights such stars as John Newcombe, Dennis Ralston and Tony Roche culled off the show last weekend after playing before an audience of 87 people in Orlando, Fla. Dave Dixon's Handsome Eight were to have appeared in Tampa, but the prospect of another empty house brought the tour to a sudden halt. In 29 appearances, the tennis pros had drawn only 22,000, and of this number some had been admitted free.

After a hurried conference with Dixon last Saturday in Dallas, Lamar Hunt, the backer of the tour, said, "We certainly are not going to drop the idea. We will probably play less, one tournament a week rather than two. There is something radically wrong with what we're doing, obviously. I think our problems stem mostly from the fact that we have had no time for promotion and public relations matters. We are going to concentrate on that now. As for the players, naturally they are disappointed. But they are getting well paid, and after all, that is the main thing."

### IN A FIX

After the basketball scandals in the 1950s, which happened to involve several college players who spent their summers playing ball in New York's Catskill resorts, the Eastern College Athletic Conference passed a rule that made organized summer competition illegal. All well and good, except the ECAC has chosen to enforce the rule only when someone hollers. "Uncle Asa" Asa Bushnell is the conference commissioner and, for better or worse, some hollering reached his ears the other day.

At the center of the current dispute is an Oswego State player named, oh dear, Charley Fix. He played last summer in three YMCA-league games, and for this has been suspended under the ECAC rule. John Marsh, the organizer of the Y program, says he talked to Bushnell before he permitted Fix to compete to make certain Fix would not jeopardize his college career. "I asked Bushnell about the rule, and he told me the ECAC knew lots of college players who were appearing in similar summer programs, but it did nothing about it," says Marsh.

The ECAC apparently was forced into acting in the Fix case when the coach at rival Oswego State protested Fix's eligibility after his team lost a game to Oswego by 24 points. Invaders say there are at least 40 other basketball players in ECAC schools who could be suspended under the same rule. Either the rule is absurd and should be changed, or it should be enforced uniformly, not when a coach chooses to complain.

### LOW SLOW

After a disastrous football season—one win, nine losses and a new coaching staff—the University of New Mexico is having recurring problems. New Head Coach Rudy Feldman tells of trying to sign an Albuquerque halfback named Robert Lee Williams. "He lives with his grandmother," Feldman says, "and we told her that we sure needed Robert Lee, that he was just the man who could help us get our football program off the ground. She shook her head and said, 'It sure is on the ground now.'"

### MARATHON EFFORT

On Valentine's Day, Bob Slocum, a senior at Union College in Schenectady, ran four hours—and 22 miles—to Saratoga Springs, N.Y., to deliver a bouquet of daffodils to a Skidmore College junior, Pam Bailey. "I called her up the night before," Slocum said, "and asked if I could run up to see her."

Though it was a windy 29° and he suffered leg cramps after 12 miles, Slocum plugged away. And, in the end, Pam was there to accept the flowers. Asked if Bob's run wouldn't make a difference in her feelings toward him, she said, "I don't get snowed easily."

Ah, the loneliness of the long-distance runner.

### TAKING A CUT

Pro football clubs apparently are learning to live with player agents, but they don't hesitate to say that the newcomers are hardly welcome in the family. The personnel director of the New Orleans Saints, Vic Schwenn, says, "These agents teach boys to lie. One of the questions we ask a prospect before the draft is whether he is being represented by an agent. Four players we drafted, including our No. 3 choice, Kevin Hardy, said they were not, but they were."

Every player the Buffalo Bills picked in the drafts has an agent, and the club

continued



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Front leg room	42.5"	41.3"	42.8"	42.9"
Rear leg room	34.0"	32.4"	32.7"	32.7"
Trunk space (Cu. Ft.)	18.0	14.5	15.7	14.3

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has even been approached by agents representing players who were not drafted. Fifteen of the 16 players picked by Detroit are represented by agents, attorneys or advisors. Attorneys and advisors, incidentally, are far more acceptable to front offices than agents.

"We tell a player that he is still likely to get the same amount of money whether he uses an agent or not," says Hank Stram of Kansas City. "We remind him that if he does use an agent he will have to pay that agent a commission. A player's agent doesn't perform the same function as, say, an actor's agent, who finds jobs for his client. The player already has a job. He has only one place to go unless he goes to the Canadian league, and who wants to play there?"

Al Ward of the Cowboys put it another way: "We would rather deal with the boy personally, because the agent—at least, the ones we know—doesn't have the real interest of the football player at heart. He is doing it for money."

There are now three big operations in the player-agent field—Celebrities Investment Management Company of Washington, D.C., Pro Sports Inc. of New York (it has a public-relations agency promoting it) and a company headed by Jim Morse, a Muskegon, Mich., trucking executive who played for Notre Dame. Morse is negotiating for 32 players, including five in the first round of the draft. The usual agent's fee is from 10 to 25%, and some pro football people are saying that Morse must net close to \$200,000 a year.

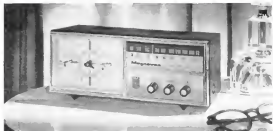
Veteran players believe it is good for a rookie to have an advisor or agent, because, as one of them puts it, "The more he can get on that first contract, the more he will get the rest of his pro career. But I think what I'd do is get a contract offer on my own first and then tell an agent I'd pay him 10% of anything he gets me over that."

Now there's a player smart enough to be an agent.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Bill Haratz, told after winning a recent race at Santa Anita that he was getting the reputation of being a "madder": "My kids still call me Daddy."
- Vince Lombardi, when asked if he had taken a cut in salary after dropping his job as Green Bay's coach: "If Lombardi's salary had been cut he'd probably still be coaching."

END



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*Beaucell's stevedore, with hooks for hands, Joe Frazier throws his punches one at a time, will try to intimidate Methy early in the fight.*

*Chief of Peers Management, owner of Methy, Jimmy Stein observes investment of a portion of the \$156,000 spent getting Buster ready.*



# SHOWCASE FOR CRISIS

*The future of a bedeviled sport hangs in the balance as the promoters of Madison Square Garden stage their highly attractive but phony heavyweight title bout between Joe Frazier and Buster Mathis* **by MARK KRAM**

**A**lready, on this sad-sick street of smeared windows filled with old school rings and dusty old Army overcoats, of saloons with long, stained bars and strange lighting, the feel is gone. Just the building, a big-hipped slattern of design, remains. The old Garden echoes only the sounds of a night watchman's clock and chain and the snores of bums sleeping in the cold dark of the outer lobby. The wind whips at the empty marquee, the images form in the mind, of dance kings and sluggers, of a thousand tableaux that no longer hang here anymore.

Yet, for all the braying politicians and flaying evangelists, all the nonsense and drama, dazzle and dullness, Madison Square Garden meant boxing, come lean times or fat times. Kids doing roadwork in the half-light of a Buenos Aires or London morning, or kids listening

by a radio to announcers long dead, knew it only as a dreamlike palace of pain and special majesty, a place of certain sounds—a stillness, a bell, a fight-crowd hum. No bells ring here anymore.

Now the offices have been moved 16 blocks down the street to an impersonal high-rise above Penn Station, where Garden boxing will present its first show next Monday night, matching Buster Mathis and Joe Frazier for the "heavyweight title" and Emile Griffith defending his middleweight crown against Nino Benvenuti. Small wars and undercurrents surround every fight, but much warrants notice in this show at which ringside will cost \$100, ringside terminating (knowing the Garden, old or new) in or near the men's room.

Shadows hover over this show: the old metaphysician Cus D'Amato, who is still a factor after being crudely exiled

by Mathis and his camp; the shrieking invasion and style of Rover Boy Babbits who use terms like "socio-eco" and paint their gym with "subliminal" advertising that is hardly subliminal; and, finally, the future of Garden boxing itself, now quivering in the balance amid the intrusive pigeons and rain and all the other Mack Sennett accidents that have attended the opening of the new Garden.

The Mathis-Frazier fight is unquestionably attractive, perhaps the most interesting match-up since the first meeting between Ali and Sonny Liston. Interesting, also—and repugnant—is the title designation given the fight. A creation by N.Y. State Athletic Commissioner Edwin Dooley and the Garden, the "title" caper is unbecoming to the history of careful subterfuge in boxing. Desperation, though, dictated the clumsy

*continued*



maneuver. Dooley needs the revenue from a healthy boxing situation on Eighth Avenue. The Garden, in turn, has to control the heavyweight champion to be relatively healthy.

Cornered, after blatant attempts and failures to wreck the WBA's elimination tournament and thus secure two or more heavyweights, the Garden pressured Dooley. His acceptance of Mathis as a contender was indigestible even to boxing, a sport always rife with anarchy and Balkan politics. The quality of Buster's opponents, you see, has been absurdly inferior. He once fought one fighter twice in the same week, and who can ever forget Big Buster in against Waban Thomas, that pitiful figure wearing short, green dress socks, waiting for Buster on shaky legs lined with varicose veins.

No one did forget Buster's Waban, but Garden boxing reacted to complaints with customary callousness, just one of the many attitudes it has manifested since the IBC was toppled and the Garden itself became active in boxing promotion. As a promoter it had weapons, political strength, money, a building of its own and knowledge, but still it followed the line of destruction rather than construction. The arrogance and double-talk in the Garden's matchmaking, inspired by self-interest, are staggering. Its disinterest, too, in talent development is ridiculously impractical.

The Madison Square Garden Corporation is concerned. Questions are being asked. Does the boxing department carry itself, or does the corporation carry boxing (unlikely for any extended period)? Does the "image" of boxing, the management hypocritically wonders, fit in with the new Garden at Penn Station? The future of Garden boxing hangs heavily on Monday night's show, a show that will cost well in excess of \$600,000. Even if the show is a success, which it should be, there are still two major problems. Fights can be made, but will the management allot more dates to boxing? Can the Garden control the winner of its manufactured heavyweight title?

Neither Mathis nor Frazier, who are not easily controlled, wanted the fight, each preferring Floyd Patterson, who had one preference: neither of them. It is a stupid fight for the two, and one which the Garden tried to make on four different occasions some time ago, once

for \$4,000 and again for \$20,000. Money—\$175,000 for Frazier and \$75,000 for Mathis—was hardly conclusive in the making of the match. Mathis, who has ability but meager credentials, took the fight because he is certain he can beat Frazier, whom he beat twice in Olympic bouts. Frazier's camp wisely ignored the money, it claims, but then hastily jumped at the title recognition. The jump could end in a long fall for Frazier.

Undefeated in 19 fights, 17 of them knockouts, Frazier has become valuable property to boxing and Cloverly, the Philadelphia syndicate that sponsors him, original shares in Frazier were sold at \$250 and are now worth at least \$4,000. Frazier, at 24, is no longer an Olympic fighter. He has been moved with discretion, and he has responded moderately to tutoring. He is basically a stevedore with two hooks for hands, but he still retains poise and striking rang command. Essentially, he is not a combination puncher. He throws one punch at a time, many of them too wide, but he is always moving in, his body and head constantly in motion. He is easy to hit when coming out of a crouch—the head is right there—and he is especially vulnerable during momentary inactivity. Frazier will try to intimidate Buster, find out what he is made of from the start, directing his firepower at the beginning at Mathis' magnificent belly.

"Who do you want," Jimmy Iselin, Buster's manager, once asked Mathis, "Quarry or Frazier?"

"Frazier," Mathis said. "This is the guy I want."

Mathis will get more of Frazier than he desires this time out. Frazier generates pressure, and the relentless application of it is a major part of his armament—but can he contain his frustration if he is unable to hit Mathis? Buster, for an obesity case, is quick, and he has exquisite moves. He does slip when in retreat, but moving forward he is a powerful hitter, especially with a hook to the liver and right uppercut just under the diaphragm. The ultimate question is whether or not Mathis can handle the pressure, whether or not he has developed the "ring character" that so many believe he lacks.

One person interested in this question is D'Amato, who is now involved in an \$8,000,000 suit against Peers Management, the owners of Mathis. D'Amato

moved into the picture after Peers terminated the services of Al Buchman, a peddler who was a disruptive influence in Buster's early career. D'Amato's contribution to the creation of Mathis is not minor. A brilliant teacher, D'Amato labored long with Mathis. He exposed him to the Willie, a punching device that steadily increases a fighter's "throwing" speed to 1,800 punches a session and helps him deliver a five-blow volley in three-fifths of a second. He trimmed Buster down from over 300 pounds to 235, tried to teach him discipline and character in the ring, and rode him hard.

The result was calamitous for Cus. Bitter words and threats of violence were exchanged often between the two. "I'm a man," said Buster, "this guy takes away my pride." D'Amato had to be removed. Peers ordered him out of the house in Rhinebeck, N.Y., where he had been staying with Mathis. Cus did not want to leave. Peers locked up the refrigerator in the house, and tried to get the electricity turned off, but Cus, rushing down the stairs like a mad monk, allegedly threatened the workmen with what turned out to be a water pistol, and state troopers were summoned eventually to insure Cus's orderly departure.

"I just couldn't communicate with D'Amato anymore," says Iselin, head of Peers. "He was impossible. He'd call up at 1:30 in the morning and say, 'Jimmy, the refrigerator's locked.' What the hell am I going to do about that all the way down here in the city? He was muttering about bombs being hid in his car. He wanted a pistol to protect himself from the sparring partners. God knows why. He was always feuding with the fighters and neighbors, and finally he tried to cause a split between my partner and myself. The guy belongs in another world."

D'Amato, who abhors air travel, would readily go to another world, say Mars, if he could be the first one there. "That would be nice," he says. Cus' eccentricities, of course, have always been visible. During the period when he was fighting Jim Norris and the IBC, he gave up riding subways, stopped drinking and never slept in the same bed two days straight. Often, he would sleep in front of Floyd Patterson's door, acting as a sort of watchdog in case of foul play; there is, you see, always a plot stalking D'Amato. Cus, constantly prat-

thing about psychiatrists and psychodramatists, is always suddenly disappearing only to be found viewing the heavens from an observatory.

D'Amato is a rare creature, in some ways a boxing genius. He is also a man who is certain the world is bedlam, a world full of stupidity and talentless thieves. It was just a matter of time before he would have had to break with Mathis (whom he does not respect as a human being) and his group. He has never, despite his arguments, had much respect for money, especially young people with money who wish to intrude on his holy ground of boxing where he has camped and wasted a lifetime. Iselin, son of a self-made millionaire, and his major partner Mike Martin, heir to a steel fortune, knew what they were getting in D'Amato; he always comes with a full set of enemies and foibles.

"Sure," says Iselin, "I knew what D'Amato was. But could I exist with D'Amato if Jimmy Iselin is a nothing? He was just using me as a tool against his enemies."

Words like "recognition" and "image" inundate Iselin's conversations. Only fools smirk at his pursuit of identity, but his behavior and manner have alienated many people, he tries hard, but his socio-economic ideas are not easily quelled. He had to eliminate D'Amato as a factor, his ego demanded the move. With Cus in front, there was just not enough recognition to go around. The personality conflict between him and D'Amato was immense. Iselin wanted respect from D'Amato, but the old manager, with his convoluted thinking, could only view the "Boys Life" adventure of Iselin and Martin into boxing as some sort of threat to himself and boxing.

Why, the question lingers, why did Iselin and Martin choose boxing for their chase after acclaim? No one knows, but one guesses they were fascinated by this mysterious, storied realm of sport. One suspects also that they thought boxing was a perfect playground for their sharp minds. They respected the treachery and delicate trickery rampant in the sport, but they were sure businessmen, with smooth, impressive methods, could conquer boxing and leave an indelible mark.

The methods and atmosphere are impressive—and screaming. Peers has spent roughly \$150,000 on Buster, who probably consumed a large percentage

of the money in food alone. The training quarters have cost plenty, too. A video tape is used in the gym, planes have been used to fly the press to a number of Buster's many insignificant fights, and various clothing ensembles are worn by Buster and those around him. Advertising is not missing, either. Red, white and blue is splashed all over the gym and house, and there are similarly colored insignias—indicating a Jack Armstrong aura—dotting the roads leading to Mathis' lair.

So, it seems, it is a strange fight scene. It is different, too, because this fight marks boxing's final break with another time. More than anything, boxing in the old Garden meant characters, people who followed a curious way of life, people whose daily lives made you think of pipe smoke curling and fading in the air: Dan McKetrack, the manager who had a chauffeur for his Rolls-Royce but who was seldom sufficiently "holding" to pay him; Billy McCarmey, the Mr. Micawber of boxing; Al Weill, the most disliked figure, who concealed his cigars and never appeared with more than \$7 in his pocket for fear of being asked for money; Commodore Dutch, who haunted weigh-ins and the outer lobby and threw a benefit for himself each year.

All of them and many others are gone now. So, too, are their legendary places of operation: Stillman's, Jacobs' Beach, anywhere a hand could be shook and a deal closed. D'Amato remembers those times, but he is just as contemptuous of the past as he is of the future, where his fate surely will be similar to what Kid Norfolk once told a friend he would discover on his return to Africa. Kid Norfolk rubbed fighters at Stillman's. His friend was a Congolese named Beery Thomas. Beery, who had jumped ship in New York, was the official shine boy at Stillman's and on Jacobs' Beach. The two were inseparable, until they quarreled. They never spoke to each other again until Beery, finally caught by police and sent to Ellis Island for deportation, returned to Stillman's for a final farewell.

"You should go over and speak to Beery and be nice to him," someone said, pointing to Beery standing alone in a corner. "Just think, you'll never

see him again." Norfolk balked, but finally he edged over to Beery.

"Beery," Norfolk said, "why you so sad?"

"Because they gonna deport me," said Beery.

"Where they gonna deport you?"

"Back to the jungle," said Beery.

"What ya gonna do there?" asked the Kid.

"I don't know," said Beery.

"I know," Norfolk said calmly. "You ain't gonna do nuthin'. All them old monkeyes in the jungle, they forgot you. All them new ones, they never heard of you at all."

END



His role expromoted, Cus D'Amato's influence remains strong. Today's Mathis is his creation.



With typical Montreal drive Yvan Courmoyer (left) fights for the puck as superstar Jean Beliveau angrily scrambles up after being checked

## SKATING SCARED IN MONTREAL

The Canadiens have been on the hottest streak in NHL history, but they know they cannot be complacent. Any letup invites the certain wrath of a must-win coach and the hostility of Montreal's black-clad fans **by GARY RONBERG**

It is a rather large locker room, with an unusually high ceiling and walls that are painted a soft, pale blue—French blue. The benches against the wall are red, a rich blood red. Montreal Canadiens red. Despite the size of the room, when the door is closed it is not necessary to shout to be heard in the farthest corner. But when the Canadiens lose a hockey game, or play less than their best in winning, Coach Hector (Toe) Blake closes the door and shouts. And when he does the walls of The Forum shudder, the music stops at the discothèque La Lucerne and ships roll uneasily in Montreal Harbour.

Toe Blake's shout is down a decibel or two these days, for his Canadiens have been on the hottest streak in the 51-year history of the National Hockey League,

losing only two and tying two of their last 26 games. They jumped from last place to first in just five weeks and by now have left Chicago, Boston and New York far behind to jostle with one another for the remaining East Division playoff positions. As they climbed up the standings, the Canadiens won 12 games in a row before losing to the Rangers in New York on February 4. They were off on another tear of eight straight when those same Rangers took their giant-killing act to Montreal last Saturday and hung a 6-1 defeat on the Frenchmen.

"The Canadiens are in a class by themselves," sighed Chicago Coach Billy Reay, after Montreal had demolished his Black Hawks 6-0 on nationwide television. "Nobody is going to catch them now. Why, they've got guys on their

Houston farm club who could play for me right now."

But only last Christmas, when the Canadiens were still last, it was being suggested that they might finish out of the playoffs for the first time in 20 years—that the Canadian dynasty might be crumbling. In Blake's 11 years as coach Montreal had won eight NHL championships and seven Stanley Cups. Only once had a Blake-coached team finished lower than second—and that was third, in 1963.

"The turning point," says Blake of this season's flip-flop, "came in a game at Toronto. We were down by two goals with five minutes to go and came back to tie 2-2. Before that the club died when it got behind. They quit. Now they come back."

The experts now say that the Canadiens were bound to start winning, that they had the talent all along, that Jackie Kennedy could have coached them from her ski slope in the Laurentians last week. But that theory underestimates Blake. Although the east has changed during Blake's 12 years, his formula for winning has not. You may hear that the Canadiens win on pride and bench strength; and it is true that they have both. But an essential ingredient of success year after year has been this: the Canadiens are simply scared out of their long Johns by the thought of losing before the watery blue eyes of Toe Blake.

Blake drives himself as he drives his players. In all his years as coach he has never asked for more than a one-year contract, reasoning that job insecurity helps keep him on his mettle. "I'm not out for security," he says, "I'm out to win. I get scared when we lose. I can't stand it. In 1955 I was bloody well scared half to death to take over this team. It had too many good players that year, and I had played with several of them. How was I to know how they would react to me as their coach? I get more tense and nervous every year. It is making me bitter. People say, 'Calm down, Toe, calm down,' but I can't calm down. If the day ever comes when I can swallow defeat, I will quit."

If this were not enough of a goad, consider the Forum fans. They are as skeptical as they are knowing and ardent, and they regard losing as a crime. They come to the Forum dressed in black—black suits, black dresses, black shoes, black topcoats and black furs—as if to a funeral, your funeral if you are an inept Canadian. "Lose a game at home," says Winger John Ferguson, "and you just don't feel like going out afterward. It's a case of preferring not to see them and of their preferring not to see you."

Early this season, damaged by injuries to Jean Beliveau, Henri Richard and Yvan Cournoyer, the team could not put the puck in the net, although the defense, with rookie Rogatien Vachon and Gump Worsley alternating in goal, was the best in the East Division. The Canadiens would win a game, lose one, lose another and then tie. For Blake this was unbearable.

He blasted players and sports writers

and skirmished with fans in Los Angeles and Boston. There came a game in Detroit in which Worsley—then one of the league leaders with a 1.82 average despite Montreal's slump—was having a bad time. When the Red Wings scored twice early in the third period to take a 6-4 lead, Blake blew up and ordered Gump to the showers. Toe had never done anything like that before. Worsley is short, stubby and phlegmatic.

The picture of your friendly neighborhood fireplug—but when Blake pulled him in front of 14,000 people, he, too, erupted. As he reached the Montreal bench he hurled his stick and gloves against the boards, then stomped through the runway to the locker room. The sports writers rapped Blake hard for what they considered an act humiliating to a fine goaltender, but he insisted that he had been right. "I was mad," he said. "I wanted him mad, too. And if he ever lets them in like that again, I'll yank him again."

One might guess that the walls of the Forum locker room are painted a pale blue to soften the hate that certainly must be there. But there is no hate; on the contrary, there is a strong bond between Blake and his players. The Canadiens can talk over their troubles with him, and he has never believed it necessary to run a bed check. And even in this jet age Blake puts the team on trains whenever he can. "The best you can get on a plane is a three-handed poker game," he says. "That's no good."

Blake's mood improved after that pivotal Toronto tie on Dec. 27, 1967 and became even better with the return of Beliveau, Ferguson and Cournoyer to good health. Now his primary concern is keeping the players working and happy—but always working. "I'd like to see everybody get all the game time they want," he says, "but that's pretty hard. So I play the men who are going the best."

Henri Richard, one of the few Canadians remaining from Blake's powerhouse teams of the '50s, still has some of his old speed and all of his playmaking brilliance, but his knees are battered and unreliable. The Pocket Rocket has been sidelined three times by knee injuries this year. During his absence a rookie center, Jacques Lemaire, stepped in with such a hard shot and so much



Blake goads with NHL's sharpest tongue.

ice presence that Blake benched Henri for a time. Henri sulked and quit the team for a week.

Lemaire, meanwhile, became the darling of the Forum fans, in fact, it seemed that the public-address announcer's frequent recital of "Le but du Canadien: Jacques Lemaire" drew more cheers than had goals by Richard or even the team's superstar, Beliveau.

From exile Richard sent word that "I'd rather collect garbage than sit on the bench." That remark prompted gags about work awaiting him in garbage-littered New York, but it failed to impress Blake. After a week of sitting around home Henri conferred with Blake, was reinstated, and is now playing his best hockey of the season. The fact that he and Lemaire are now splitting time on the ice is just one indication of Montreal's continuing remarkable depth.

The point at which one begins to measure that depth, of course, is just beneath the crown of Blake's fedora. He is convinced that you can win them all. He is the only coach in the NHL who believes he can win the league championship every year—and he is outraged when he fails.

"All I know," he says, "is that I have a job here as long as I win." **END**

# THREE ON THE LINE IN THE 600

*The best race of the indoor track season brought three superb runners together at the AAU championships. A blanket finish in near-record time saw Martin McGrady remain undefeated* **by PETE AXTHELM**

Martin McGrady jogged nervously through the corridors beneath the Oakland Coliseum, warming up for the final of the 600-yard run at the AAU indoor championships. He broke into a fitful sprint, then stopped and stared at the floor. A friend passed and wished him luck. He didn't seem to hear. After a few minutes he muttered, "Maybe I ought to scratch. I'm just not ready for this kind of race."

It was ironic that McGrady, who is usually loose and relaxed before a race, had to worry so much last weekend. During three winter seasons he had quietly become the best 600-yard runner of all time, winning 17 straight races at the distance and setting the world record. Yet he had remained strangely obscure, injuries had kept him out of the glamorous outdoor races, and people seemed to take his weekly indoor victories for granted. Then in Oakland, McGrady finally found himself a center of attention. Lee Evans, Jim Kemp and Ron Whitney were challenging him in the 600, and Martin had a chance to prove himself once and for all in a race that no one could ignore.

He also had stomach trouble. He had been sick for several days after returning from an invitational meet in Moscow and he was still weak. He had not felt up to a serious workout before the AAU championships. McGrady hated the idea of going into the race below his best condition. He knew very well that if he lost to Evans, some people would casually note that he had not been beating anyone as good as Lee during all those indoor victories. Throughout the day of the final, he wondered if he should run. Midway in his hesitant warmup he finally made his decision—

and broke into a confident grin. "The people came to see a show in this race," he said. "I guess I'm in good enough shape to give them one."

McGrady and his opponents produced a show, all right—and the most exciting 600-yard race ever. McGrady, Evans and Kemp hit the wire in a group, all three were clocked in 1:09.2, just .2 seconds over the indoor world record. McGrady set on a much faster eight-lap track and equal to the fastest ever run on a standard 11-lap indoor track. And despite some very bad luck McGrady won the race and gained the recognition he has deserved for such a long time.

The 600 had to be brilliant to overshadow the other events in the meet. Hurdler Pat Van Wolvelaere and two different relay teams set world records among the girls. Earl McCulloch tied the world hurdle mark he has been aiming at all winter. Eleanor Montgomery of Tennessee State set an American high-jump record. George Young won the three-mile in 13:17.6, only 1.4 above the world mark. Bob Beamon broad-jumped 26' 11 1/2", 1 1/2 inches off his own record, and found himself almost outside a landing pit that was too short.

No event, however, had the drama of this first meeting between McGrady and Evans. In the semifinals on Friday night each man made it clear that he was thinking of the other. In fact, Evans did so much clever thinking that he came close to blowing the most comical race of the weekend. There were two semifinals of three men each, in which the first two would qualify for the final. Evans and Kemp, matched against unknown Bill McDonald of Canada, figured that they could practically walk around the track and still qualify.

Kemp took the lead at the start, Evans dropped in behind him and McDonald settled into third, and Kemp slowed the pace down almost to a walk. "The second lap was so silly I almost started laughing," said Evans. "But the other guy was smart enough to try and catch us sleeping." McDonald sprinted briefly into the lead. Kemp and Evans easily passed him again. But when they reached the stretch they found that the slow pace had allowed McDonald, who would normally have been exhausted chasing them, to save a kick. The two leaders looked back and found their rival shockingly close—and they had a few bad moments before they held him off in a race that Evans finally won in the ridiculously slow time of 1:14.3.

McGrady had to go a little faster (1:11.2) to beat Whitney and Hardee McAllhenny, but he won laughingly—at Evans, who was sitting near the finish. "I had been kidding about doing the twist and still winning," Martin explained. "When I passed Whitney in the stretch I remembered that and I did a little twist. I looked down and there was Lee. It broke me up."

"That was no coincidence," said Evans. "It was one of McGrady's patented psych jobs."

"The way I feel, I'll need it," said McGrady. "I've been looking forward to racing against Lee, but I could have picked a better time for it."

"And I could have picked a better distance," said Evans. "I'd sure like to try him at 440 instead of 600."

Saturday night the runners were much less talkative. McGrady struggled alone with his problems, Evans and Kemp loosened up easily and acted loose and confident. "Lee is as high as can be for this race," said Bud Winter, the San Jose State coach who has been working with both Evans and McGrady. "A few months ago we were just thinking casually about getting ready for the 600, because there is no 440 or 500 in this meet. Who ever thought it would come to this?"

Kemp, the quickest runner in the group, took the lead at the gun. McGrady moved into second as Evans surprisingly dropped back into third and Whitney, a solid and versatile performer who would be a favorite in many 600 fields, trailed. "I knew Lee's plan would be to stay back and let me fight Kemp

for the lead," said McGrady. "But I thought he would be too impulsive to carry it out. I thought when he heard the gun he'd just go—and I could stay back."

With a lap to go, it appeared that Lee's cautious strategy might work. Suddenly he burst toward Kemp and the lead, boxing McGrady inside him. If Kemp had weakened at that point, Evans might have stolen a quick lead and won the race. But Kemp held Evans outside him until the final turn—and there Evans and McGrady collided and almost gave the race back to Kemp.

"I wanted to cut in and save ground,"

explained Evans. "I didn't see McGrady there."

"Lee had a full stride on me when he cut in," said McGrady, "but I moved up to close the hole, and I was too late. So I got hit."

McGrady's legs wobbled, his arms flew upward and the crowd groaned as it saw that the favorite apparently had been knocked out of contention. Kemp lengthened his lead. Evans recovered his balance and took off after him. McGrady almost gave up hope. He recalled, "My chance is gone," I said to myself. Then I suddenly saw that I was gaining on them again, so I just drove

for the finish." His chest got there about a foot ahead of Evans, with Kemp only inches farther back.

"As bad as I felt before," McGrady continued, "I sure felt like myself when I started running. You know, when I was running back east, I thought of guys like Lee and Tommie Smith as something very special. Now they're my friends, so it's a little different, but it's still a challenge. After all, they're great runners. I'm just a good one."

"He's a great one," insisted Bud Winter. "If he finally gets through an outdoor season without an injury, he can be the best half-mile that ever lived."

McGrady has seldom had time to think of such grandiose goals. He has been too busy surviving. He switched from Central (Ohio) State College to San Jose last fall. He has no scholarship because he is ineligible for further collegiate competition, so he works eight hours a day after classes as a computer operator. "I've just been playing it from day to day out here," he said. "I knew the grind would be tough and I wouldn't have much time for devout track work. But I'm not complaining. Coach Winter has been a tremendous help, even though we haven't had too much chance to really work on my form."

Talking smoothly and graciously, McGrady took pains to thank everyone who ever helped him; you got the feeling that he had been compiling a list of credits for this first time when people would gather to listen to him. "I'm not a great athlete," he kept insisting. "Just look at me." His green Santa Clara Valley Youth Village sweat suit hung loosely on his tall, thin frame; he glanced at himself with a whimsical grin. "How," he asked, "could anyone compare me to athletes like Tommie or Lee?"

Bill Gaines, who also recovered from post-Moscow stomach trouble to win the 60-yard dash title for the third straight year, answered, "You are the best. You have to be to get knocked around and come back to beat guys like that."

"You should never be satisfied," added Winter, "until you have the 880-yard world record."

McGrady paused, as if the idea was sinking in for the first time. "O.K., Coach," he said quietly. "I'm yours for the outdoor season. Let's go after the record."

END



McGrady came driving up on the outside to pass the lunging Evans and the straining Kemp.





# THE COED BOPPERS' TOP CAT

Pistol Pete Maravich has the eyes of a lynx and the velvet grace of a panther. He is college basketball's most prodigious scorer and, in the view of LSU girls: "He's cute. Sure is. Sure is" **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

The magic face is new, fresh, glowing and so wide open that it has sophomore written all over it, shining out like a beacon. Alternately unassuming then self-assured, naive then cocky, diffident then arrogant, wondering then knowing, thoughtful then putting on the world—the face keeps popping up in all of the proper scenes during this college year.

Here it is at a levee party down the river from the Louisiana State campus, or straightening up in front of speech class, or bent parallel to the desk over an econ problem. Here, on the beach at Lauderdale for spring vacation, or at Pat O'Brien's in New Orleans on a weekend. And here, back in Baton Rouge, at the Piccadilly Cafeteria out at Bon Marché, or over at the SAE fraternity house to listen to John Fred and his Playboy Band, who, after all, are the hottest thing around and, my gosh, John Fred is from Baton Rouge, a local boy. The magic face, like all the other SAEs, knows John Fred personally.

Now at another time, the basketball game over, the face comes up slowly from a circle of children who have searched it out, seeking an autograph and thrusting pencils forward, and it surveys the area, looking for the girls. There are two of them nearby, sweet little LSU coeds with long brown hair

and pussycat eyes, and they are quietly singing:

*Pete Maravich, Pete Maravich.  
Pistol Pete, Pistol Pete. Everybody  
in the world knows Pistol Pete. Sure  
is lucky success doesn't go to some  
heads. Sure is, sure is. But Pistol  
Pete is so cute. Sure is, sure is.*

The girls' banter is sarcasm, envy and fascination all in two dishes, and if the song is not entirely accurate, it does reflect a certain measure of the boy. For though it has not happened yet, as soon as Pete Maravich (see cover) can get his magic face, his long, lean, macarons body, his moves of velvet and his shots of satin into all of the basketball arenas of this country that are waiting for him, he will surely become America's Sweetheart, Every Mother's Son, the Teeny Boppers' Top Cat. And the girls will be right. Everybody in the world, the world that really counts, will know Pistol Pete Maravich. He will make a million dollars playing the game of basketball.

Here he comes now, Maravich bringing the ball up against Kentucky. The first defensive man slows him at the top of the zone, but Maravich goes right and is immediately swarmed over and double-teamed. He jumps, gliding forward through the air, and either hits the open man in the corner or puts the

ball up to the basket himself. The next minute he dribbles by the first man, but he is hit by three defenders at the foul line and throws a hook pass to his blind side or slams the ball behind his back, a bounce pass to the corner again. He comes up once more and takes the shot himself, sliding through the zone and hooking from the corner on the run, or driving under and, with his back to the basket, flipping the ball in with a left-handed, underhand double-pump shot.

After a time-out, Maravich looks his man in the eye and fires a push shot from 40 feet or gives him the head fake for the push shot and then is quickly on the move with a crossover dribble under his leg, around the man, to the left and up for his jump shot. If it misses, he is following, leaping, crashing over bigger and stronger players to tap the ball into the basket.

The LSU offense is Pete Maravich with the ball. Marvelous Pete Maravich. Dribbling, shooting, passing, rebounding. He can go left or right with equal facility, he has every shot known to man, with both hands, but, amazingly, the strongest part of his game is his deft passing.

The opponent changes from Kentucky to Vanderbilt, from Florida to Tennessee, from Wisconsin to Tulane. *continued*

But the zone defense is still there. Always the zone. And Pete Maravich is still there, firing away against it. In a basketball season loaded with the usual vicissitude and inconsistency, one unassailable certainty is that Pete Maravich of LSU will be down there in Baton Rouge firing away against the zone every time out. This is, in fact, what seems to disturb his faithful supporters the most. For even when opponents disdain the zone as a form of resistance against him, their next line of defense is some variation of a gang-attack man-to-man that concentrates only on Maravich.

"Just one time I would love to see somebody play him honest," says Joe Dean, an LSU star of the early '50s, who watches the Pistol in cumulative awe with every passing game. "They've all got to do what's best to win, but just once it would be beautiful to see a team play this guy honest with just one man on him. Pistol Pete would be so great that night, he'd scare people."

Pistol Pete Maravich is that good. He is only a sophomore, and he makes the mistakes of the young: forcing shots, committing useless fouls and hot-dogging it all over the place. Moreover, his haughty strut, released by hands that cradle the sides of the ball, is a strange and unattractive specimen that spins sideways rather than up and over, as basketball teaching dictates. But Maravich is the most exciting basketball player in college today, and many long, lost and unexplainable 50-point nights hence, when he finally gets to the pros and is able to play with men who can complement him and against men who can't afford to collapse on him, he will be so good he will indeed scare people.

In the early part of the season Maravich and Calvin Murphy of Niagara were engaged in a long-distance duel that promised to produce, in the same season, the two best scorers major-college basketball has ever known. Maravich scored 48 points against Tampa in his varsity debut, had the national scoring lead taken away from him by Murphy twice in the next four games, but then regained the lead for good with a 46-point night against Mississippi. He has never been behind Frank Selvy's record average of 41.7, set 14 years ago at Furman, and, after LSU split with Tulane and Mississippi last week, in which he scored 55 and 40 points, he was averaging 44.9, had a total of 1,079 points and

was 219 points up on Murphy, whose average has fallen to 39.1. Barring any mishaps in his final two games, Maravich will become, in his sophomore year, the most prolific college scorer (per game) of all time.

If such accomplishment was predestined by background, it never could have been foretold by appearance. Pistol Pete was born 20 years ago in a Sewickley, Pa. hospital on a day that fell, luckily, between road trips of the Pittsburgh Ironmen professional team. At the time Press and Helen Maravich were living in Alsappia, Pa., while Press played pro ball, but shortly thereafter Press started moving around to coaching jobs, enabling Pete to grow up sitting beside his father, watching him chew his towel and sporadically blow up, on the benches of a hundred college field houses. The story of how Press first got little Pete interested in the game has become shopworn, but it is worth retelling. One day Press was shooting at a basket in the yard of his home in Clemson, S.C., when Pete came out and took a shot. He missed. Press says he knew then he had the boy hooked, and Pete says he hasn't stopped shooting since.

Throughout his high school years in Clemson and, later, in Raleigh, N.C., Pete developed trick skills with a ball that his father never believed possible. "I was a good guard," says Press. "I could shoot, drive, move well. And I gave him the fundamentals. But this between-the-legs, behind-the-back, blind stuff Pete does, I never even thought of that. I couldn't carry his shoes the way he is today."

All of Pete's tricks and his vast repertoire of shots have been made into a movie, *Homecourt Basketball*, which never fails to amaze its viewers, including Carl Stewart, the coach of all-Negro McKinley High in Baton Rouge, who, after one showing, exclaimed, "My God, he's one of us!" Pete's exceptional talents became so conspicuous two years ago that Press, who had long held to the theory that his son would be better off playing for someone other than his father, decided he would like Pete for himself. The decision came after Pete had averaged 33 points a game for Edwards Military Academy in Salem, N.C., and while Press was choosing whether to stay on in the head-coaching job at North Carolina State or take a similar post with either the

Baltimore Bullets of the NBA or LSU.

"I told Dad he had always said his life was with kids, and that there weren't many kids in the pros," says Pete. "We discussed the problems of being together, but we both liked the idea of reviving basketball someplace. And LSU looked awfully good to me."

Father and son, who are shown on the cover talking things over during a time-out, both deny any realization of the inevitability of their joining forces, and Press insists the decision was always Pete's. But one senses it was the only way either of them could have gone. "I think now that they both knew it all along," says Helen Maravich. "I am sure Pete would have regretted it if he hadn't come with Press."

At LSU the Maraviches are the sole support of a very weak Southeastern Conference team that started off well but has since come down to earth with a 14-10 record. The team is obliged to play in a decaying old agricultural center whose seating capacity of 8,800 is adequate although its timetable of events leaves something to be desired. A walk-around horse show annually keeps the Tigers from precision practices in the building, and a rodeo has always made it necessary that LSU finish its season on the road. However bizarre the surroundings, they nevertheless seem to go nicely with that of the resident celebrity, who scarcely resembles the savior his acclaim might suggest.

The socks Pistol Pete wears in games, for instance, are the subject of close observation and continual comment in Baton Rouge. In contrast with the bright, white team socks worn by his fellow players, Maravich's are old and gray. Hated property of the North Carolina State athletic department, they droop around his ankles throughout a game and then are washed and dried in Pete's dorm room afterward.

His body quite necessarily also droops. He is 6' 5" but weighs only 170 pounds, and it is obvious that he was a late bloomer. Probably he will not fill out all the way until after his college years.

But it is, above all, his enchanting face that makes Pete Maravich something special. Extra large and long, it is split by a narrow ski-trail nose that winds into a natural snarl and sprays into a circular bulb at the end. The nose is his father's, but the rest of the face is clearly from Mom. It seems to explode into

*continued*



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the sky out of a long, angular neck, and the top half is covered by a great bush of thick hair swept left to right. The eyes, though, are what distinguish him from others. The sockets are deep, dark wells. The brown pupils are tiny and, like those of small furry animals, they say (ask any mother or daughter who has seen Pete), "Take me home."

From a distance, Maravich on the court often gives an impression of complete nonchalance. But close up, his face reveals him for the player that he is. His expressions are forever contorted and wringed into horrible forms of pain, cruelty and even torture. He bares his teeth a lot, and his tongue hangs out of the corner of his mouth when he is acting really tough. Sometimes he takes on the look of a man being pumped full of bullets. "I don't know what the big thing is about my face," says Maravich. "But my hair is a lot different from what it was in high school. I had a burr head then. I was so uncool in high school, I can't believe it. But I'm O.K. now. I like my hair real long. But Dad makes me cut it during the season now."

Maravich's conversation is almost always ingenuous. His direct, open style and his easygoing, unaffected nature are perhaps the major factors responsible for the close camaraderie existing between the star and his supporting players. It is almost inconceivable that frustration and jealousy would not exist on a team when one man takes 40 shots a game and scores more than half the points, but this appears to be the case at LSU. "We each have a job to do on this team," says Jeff Tribbett, another sophomore, who used to feed Rik Mount in high school and is now feeding, and rooming with, Maravich. "It's very simple. Pete has to shoot 40 times a game in order for us to win. He just has to."

Maravich, himself, seems surprised that the question would come up. "There might be some dissension if we were losing," he says, "but we've been doing some winning. I'm conscious of what people say about my shooting so much, but there's a lot of difference between shooting 40 times a game and being able to shoot 40 times. I can get open that many times, I don't care who's playing. Some other people would have to start throwing over their heads to get it up there 40 times."

Maravich and Tribbett live in a sparsely decorated room in the LSU athlete

dormitory that is dominated by a large poster of Lyndon Johnson dressed as a Hells Angel on the seat of a "Harley Bird" motorcycle. Maravich dates frequently and avidly, getting around Baton Rouge in his tan Volkswagen that showed its stamina on his cross-country trip to California last summer. He also has a passion for brutal, bloodbath movies. But even he cringed openly at a recent Italian western in which Eli Wallach, after being interrupted at his bath by an outlaw, drills the man with a gun hidden in the soap suds. "When you have to shoot," Eli tells the dead man, "you don't talk, you just shoot."

Pete did a creditable job on his exams last month, though there is nothing he really enjoys about his studies. His one bad grade, a D in economics, was awarded by a Professor Casey who couldn't pronounce Maravich. "He kept calling me 'Maverick,'" says Pete. "I said, 'Sir, it's not Maverick. That's a cow. My name is Maravich.' He never did get it right."

Academically more inspired during the first semester was a research paper discussing Huckleberry Finn's deprecatory attitude toward Jim. "He was always sarcastic to Jim, putting him down and telling him he was dreaming all the time when things were happening. I really got to dislike Huck," Maravich says. "He was so unfair, taking advantage of an illiterate like that. I finally he realized the guy was a human being. I don't know—I thought Huck Finn was pretty much of a JD in his time."

Unlike Huckleberry Finn, who may have indeed been a juvenile delinquent, Pete Maravich keeps in close touch with the affairs of his family. He seems truly devoted to his 23-year-old brother, Ronnie, who is a marine in Vietnam, and to his 3-year-old sister, Diana Marie, whom the elder Maraviches adopted. Her crib at home overflows with stuffed toys her brother has won for her by shooting basketballs at state fairs all over the South. Mrs. Maravich has been ill recently and does not get to see her son play often, but she is unsparing in her attempts to soften the pressures building up on her family. "We're just plain mommy and plain daddy," she says. "When daddy is on the court, he isn't daddy anymore, he's coach. But Pete better still be Pete, and mommy better stay mommy. She is proud of them both."

Despite a high regard for the coach-



RELAXED AND EASYGOING off the court, Pete sprawls on couch in father Press' office.

ing abilities of his father, Pete cannot always control the sophomore in him. He readily confesses to this, admitting that there are times when he will give Press some son-to-father trouble, forgetting that his old man is also his coach. Pete is constantly flippant with his father in practice, sometimes to the point of being unconsciously discourteous by backtalk or foolish gestures, by debating strategy and suggesting that some move would be better done Pete's own way. Press usually allows his son this latitude, but in a recent practice the two came to a point of no return, and Press let Pete have it. "Dammit!" he shouted. "I'm the coach here. I'll say who shoots, who passes and who rebounds. I don't need you to tell me what to do."

It was one occasion when Pete's flip manner had worn thin. Though the tension was short-lived, it will probably return from time to time. The feeling in the air most certainly would be different if the coach was not the father and the star was not the son. But when you're going for 45 a game and a place in the rainbow, who really worries about a little family buckering?

END

# Is your 16-year old son a better driver than you are?

Did you answer "no" to any of the questions on the opposite page? If you did, your 16-year old may have better driving habits than you do. (Don't be mad. Be happy.)

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| 5. Do you always stay within the posted speed limits?  | YES<br><input type="checkbox"/> | NO<br><input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Do you always reduce your speed when the pavement is wet?                                 | YES<br><input type="checkbox"/> | NO<br><input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. Do you stop for a rest when you feel yourself getting tired?                              | YES<br><input type="checkbox"/> | NO<br><input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. Do you drive defensively, always assuming the other fellow might do something wrong?      | YES<br><input type="checkbox"/> | NO<br><input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. Do you always lower your headlights for oncoming cars?                                    | YES<br><input type="checkbox"/> | NO<br><input type="checkbox"/> |
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# WHEN SPRING TURNS ICE TO CORN

A rare thing happens in the mountains in the spring. The sun kisses the hard pack, frozen by the deep-night cold, and transforms it into "corn"—ball bearings of swishing ice. Few skiers know its joys, since it arrives when lifts are closing and trout streams are opening. But for those who seek it—like Chasid Dillforth (right) and other members of a Mt. Hood racing camp shown on the following pages—it is the most thrilling snow of all.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN







Canada's famous teacher Emile McCulloch leads French racer Adrien Duillard and Christl Dittforth on a fast, swooping turn through the crackle-and-pop snow of a Mt. Hood spring morning.





# CORN AND WHERE TO FIND IT

The racers shown on the previous pages coursing through spring corn on the upper slopes of Mt. Hood are some of the most stylish skiers in North America. But the corn they are skiing is not their province alone. It is the kind of snow that gives extra style to any skier—novice, intermediate or expert. I had only been skiing a year when I first found corn snow. I was visiting friends in Zermatt who arranged a tour across the shoulder of the Matterhorn to catch the spring snow on the south-facing Italian side. We took Sno-Cats up to the border and waited at the customs station, over espresso and grappa, for the sun to do its work. At 10 we began our descent, following two Zermatt guides who knew the snow so well they could almost hear the frozen mountain breaking up into the miraculous crystals. The whole mountainside was skiable. Skiable! The ruts and wind drift off the packed *puite* dissolved at a touch of a ski, rolling away like wake from a hydrofoil. At the same time the gramy texture of the snow made edging unnecessary. Holding a turn on the steepest pitches took surprisingly little effort. Mistakes—overweighting a ski, sitting back—were compensated for by the forgiving, upflung ball bearings of ice. Soon one found oneself letting skis go—faster and faster. We skied on and on, 14 miles in all, past the town of Cervinia, where taxis called for from the top, waited to take us back to the town and the *téléphérique*. On the second run the sun was higher and the snow turning sticky before we reached the bottom. Over lunch on the terrace of the Grand Hotel, we decided to stay overnight, without toothbrushes or passports, to catch once more the perfect run.

Where and when do you find corn? It can occur in some degree, at some time in the spring, in every ski area. But it is best in the high open mountains of Europe and the American West. After a fresh snowfall it takes around three clear freezing nights and unusually warm sunny days to get the whole coming process in working order. In Europe, particularly, one should ski these conditions only with careful advice or with a guide, for in the spring there is danger from avalanches. In the U.S., where

most high slopes have trees that stabilize the snow, the slide danger is not so great. Depending on how directly the sun hits the hill, you have from two to four hours of glorious skiing before the crystals turn to slush.

In most ski areas the best corn is found beginning in mid-March, and it can last as late as July. The best time is from about 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. In the late afternoon, as the sun sinks, the process starts again in reverse and the slush turns back to corn before freezing.

There are places, however, where you can follow the sun around the mountain and ski corn till your tongue hangs out. Mammoth Mountain in California is one of these. But part of the joy of spring skiing is the fun you can have off the skis. Ski hard while the going is good, then have that long relaxed lunch on a terrace—or a picnic by a swollen creek. The trout season opens when the corn is at its best, and a good way to divide the day is with skis in the morning, a fly rod in the afternoon. California's Squaw Valley, New Mexico's Taos, Colorado's Snowmass and Utah's Alta all have trout streams running through their ski areas. At Arapahoe in Colorado you can spend the afternoons sailing on nearby Dillon Reservoir. At Vail, Colo., a favorite spring tour is to hike across to the Chama Bowl and ski down to a creek where ptarmigan and snowshoe rabbits are startled on every side, beavers are at work and fat trout are waiting. At Jackson Hole, Wyo. you can raft all afternoon down the Snake River—a popular summer activity, but one that is at its best in the spring, before the moose and the elk have been driven away by the tourists. There are trumpeter swans and golden eagles and a backdrop of the most dramatic mountains in the U.S.

At Oregon's Mt. Hood, where the pictures on the previous pages were taken, the corn comes later—from late April till the end of July. Sno-Cats take skiers up to snowfields at 7,500 feet where portable Pomalifts are set up. You ski till noon, then have lunch, swim in an outdoor pool and ski again from 3:30 on. A sunset that turns the whole mountain a deep pink caps the day.

—FRED R. SMITH

Pepi Shiegler of Jackson Hole follows Christi down the 16° pitch of upper Mt. Hood.

The most exclusive group of wing shots in the country today is made up of the official guns who work the major field-trial circuit  
by **DUNCAN BARNES**



## SOME GUNS GO TO THE DOGS

Carrying his over/under shotgun at relaxed port arms, with his right hand around the pistol grip and the stock resting lightly against his hip, Dr. Alden D. White, a general surgeon from Alameda, Calif., kept his eyes on the English springer spaniel that was quartering the high sedge grass 35 yards ahead of him. Suddenly the dog raised its head, snuffed the air, and then bolted forward and flushed a cock pheasant. The bird beat its way up out of the grass and towered, presenting the kind of shot that pheasant hunters like. But Dr. White did not shoot. Instead, over a period of perhaps four or five seconds, in a series of easy, fluid movements, he carefully planted his feet, brought the gun slowly up to his shoulder, pressed it firmly against his cheek and waited until the pheasant was sailing along in full flight some 65 yards away. Then he snapped the trigger and neatly folded the bird.

"Good Lord," a bystander observed as Dr. White broke his gun to eject the dead shell, "either that fellow is showboating or else he's got the right combination of magic shotgun, golden pellets and luck working for him."

The good doctor, of course, was not showboating. He was the captain of the

official guns at the English Springer Spaniel National Championship Stake, and, as they always do at a national, the judges had instructed Dr. White and his team of five guns to let the pheasants get out to maximum shotgun range—or even beyond—in order to give the spaniels tough marks and long retrieves. Nor was Dr. White shooting anything fancier than a field-grade Browning over, under with standard 12-gauge loads—no golden pellets. As for luck, the guns' unofficial tally sheet pretty well discounted that. During the three-day trial held at Crab Orchard Wildlife Area in Marion, Ill. last December, the six official guns shot at some 500 pheasants, most of them at distances between 45 and 70 yards and managed to put better than 90% of them down dead in the grass. Another 2% or 3% were runners (wounded birds that fall and then run) the dogs were expected to hunt out and bring back. In all, fewer than 20 birds out of 500 escaped the guns, a phenomenal score considering the range and the pheasant's reputation for absorbing lead pellets without missing a wingbeat.

The exclusive group of official guns who work the major field-trial stakes in the U.S.—for springers, which compete

under the toughest and least artificial trial conditions, and for retrievers and the pointing breeds—are probably the best wing shots in the country, or anywhere. But Dr. White is quick to point out that the guns' scores are only part of the game. "Sure we have a ball," he admits. "We like to shoot, and you can certainly pop a lot of caps on birds at field trials. But we're really here to shoot for the dogs, and that is far more complicated than it sounds."

Consider a few of the split-second decisions that a gun must make every time a bird is flushed in a springer trial. He must learn quickly how to read each individual dog in the trial in order to be ready when it starts making game. At the flush the guns have to heed wind direction, the bird's angle of flight and the position of the dog (the dog must hup, or sit at the flush and stay until the bird is down and the handler gives the command to retrieve) and then be able actually to place the bird—kill it so that it falls at least 40 or 45 yards from the dog. This often means that a gun must not shoot, but instead pass the bird along to the next gun over, with no time for signals, in order not to drop it too close to the dog. In the ear-



**AFTER THE FLUSH** A trial gun must wait—ride the bird out—to give the dog a long retrieve.

ly stages of a springer trial, when the dogs are run in braces, two wing guns and a center gun work together as a team. In the last few tests the dogs are run singly and only two guns are used.

"No matter which breed of dog you shoot for," says Dr. White, who has shot for them all, "trial gunning has some of the precision of clay-target shooting and some, but not nearly enough, of the elements of real hunting. It's not as difficult as long-range pass shooting at ducks in a high wind, but it is very specialized. The toughest part is the pressure. One flub and the gun can shoot a dog right out of the trial."

Not so very long ago shooting dogs out of a trial was an occupational hazard that handlers and owners had to live with. The birds usually were quick-shot at such point-blank range that in springer trials it was not at all unusual for an inexperienced gun to drop a bird right on a dog's head—which often resulted in the dog's breaking and being thrown out of the trial. Things have improved considerably in the past 15 years or so, partly because professional handlers and owners complained loudly enough to the field-trial committees and partly through the efforts of serious trial gunners. One such is Jim Imrie, an insurance man from Napa, Calif., who 10 years ago drew up the bylaws for the Northern California Field Trial Gunners Association, Inc., the largest and best-

organized group of qualified trial guns in the country.

"We just got fed up with dodging and ducking loaded guns and seeing dogs shot out of trials," says Imrie. "Since a trial gun has to watch out for the dogs, handlers, judges and the gallery, he's got to be a nut on safety. That is our first prerequisite for membership. We insist, as do most trial committees, that our members use double guns—over/unders or side-by-sides. The only time a double gun is not loaded is when it is broken, and we keep them broken except when we are on the line shooting. Next, naturally, is the ability to consistently hit birds. Third is that nebulous term 'sportsmanship,' which eliminates anyone who only wants to get in some extra shooting."

To join the ranks of this exclusive group, a prospective gun is sponsored by a member who first squares him through training sessions with professional dog trainers and then invites him to informal trials for the various breeds. "The gunner who proves himself at these informal trials is a good prospect," says Imrie, "because he is faced both with overzealous amateur handlers who do things like dart in front of him at the crucial moment and with dogs that frequently break and run wild." The final step—which Imrie calls pressure gunning—is taken at American Kennel Club licensed and member trials in which dogs

can earn points toward a field championship. "If the prospect has gone strictly to the dogs and is not shooting for himself, and if he is thoroughly brainwashed on safety, then he's in."

The NCFPGA currently has 27 members who make themselves available for trials throughout the West and many of them are invited to shoot in national championships. As one member puts it "Not only do we have a name as long as a shotgun barrel—we are probably the only incorporated group—and that eliminates the Mafia—which offers experienced guns for hire." Actually, the NCFPGA is a nonprofit group and members usually pay for everything except their shells at trials.

Although not as well organized as the NCFPGA, there are small and equally exclusive groups of field-trial guns scattered throughout the country, and they are very much stereotyped by their consistent marksmanship as well as by their home ports. Eastern gunners in general, and particularly those who shoot retriever trials, come right out of Abercrombie & Fitch's windows. They wear conservative tweed shooting attire, lean toward expensively conservative English side-by-sides and always wear green Tyrolean hats so bedecked with medals and badges that, as one proper Bostonian puts it, "The sheer weight of the damn thing gives me a headache." West Coast guns are always untanned and outgoing and they lean more to "gan club" fashions. The real dandy of the bunch is Paul McClure, a Los Angeles insurance agent who is a top springer gun. McClure wears custom shooting sweaters with leather patches, black gloves, yellow glasses and a leather belt pouch for shells, and he shoots a German-made Kneighoff Crown Grade over/under with game birds and dogs engraved in gold on the receiver and labels from international pigeon shoots pasted on the stock. At the springer national, McClure clashed beautifully with Midwesterner Big John Findorff, a railroad man (Northern Pacific) from Wyoming, Minn., who sports a goatee, a black corduroy shooting vest embroidered front and back with gaudy cock pheasants and a "made-right-here-in-America" Winchester Model 21 side-by-side.

*continued*

To keep in practice between trials, most guns hunt birds in season and then fill out the rest of the year by shooting at public and private preserves, as well as in live pigeon competition. "It doesn't hurt to bang away at clay targets, either," says Imlie, "but it's the rare trap or skeet expert who makes a good trial gun. It's simply too hard for him to forget the calibrated angles that become so mechanical in trap and skeet and learn about all the vagaries of live birds." A good case in point was the champion trapshooter who was invited to gun at a retriever trial in Reno. The judge asked the guns to kill 25 pheasants, which would be used during the trial as part of a double-marking test for the dogs. The trapshooter stepped up next to the bird thrower and, with all those patches on his jacket—50, 100, 200 straight—proceeded to miss 10 birds in a row. He walked back to his car and drove off.

In retriever trials live pheasants and ducks are thrown for the guns while the dogs are on the line. The object is to kill them so they fall in a precisely defined area—rarely more than 40 yards from the guns, but farther than that from the dogs—so that each dog has the same test. Explains one retriever gun: "At best, it's very artificial. But there is so much money in training retrievers today—it costs thousands of dollars to train and qualify a dog for the national, and the best candidates may change hands for as much as \$20,000—that the owners insist on absolutely uniform tests."

Leonce Fuller, a San Francisco realtor who was captain of the guns at the 1967 national retriever stake, concedes that from the gallery the whole thing may appear rather humiliating for the guns. "I mean, there they are in front of all those people, two guns shooting at a pen-raised bird thrown out right in front of them," says Fuller. "Well, a good thrower, holding a pheasant gently by a wing and a leg, can hurl it out and up—he uses an underarm motion much like pitching horseshoes—a whole lot faster than a wild pheasant can get up out of the grass in a real hunting situation. The guns have to get right on it and drop it precisely where the judges want it. If they don't, it's a 'no bird,' and the dog has to be taken off the line and brought back later for a rerun. Since reruns can work for or against a dog, it is no longer a uniform test. Of course the throwers have to be consistent also, because the guns can only shoot where the birds are."

Shooting where the birds are is the precise summation of the technique, and field-trial guns dearly love to discuss the art ("It's an art, not a science") with anyone who knows the difference between recoil and choke. Assuming the average shotgunner knows that he shoots fewer live birds in 10 years than the official gun does in five trials, there are some fine points of trial gunning worth noting. Most trial guns prefer the single sighting plane of the over/under with a rusted metal rib.

Springer guns use long barrels (30 or 32 inches) bored tight for long shots, whereas retriever guns like shorter, more open barrels that give wider patterns at closer ranges. Although they all shoot "European style"—they mount their guns *after* the bird is flushed or thrown—most trial guns eventually settle on customized stocks that are straighter (higher at the comb) than factory field stocks but not necessarily as straight as trap stocks. Explains Dr. White, "You get the same sight picture every time you bring the gun up, and since the majority of birds are climbing, you want the center of the shot pattern just above the point of aim so you can see the bird as you hit it."

The real art of wing-shooting is how to lead a bird, but even the best trial guns can't explain how they do it. Says Leonce Fuller: "Some guns insist that they swing through the bird, shoot and keep following through, in the approved manner. Others say they spot-shoot—the point the gun at the bird, pull ahead of it, snap the trigger and stop their swing right there. Actually, I think most of us combine the two. Really it's an impression of timing and instinct, and trial guns simply instinct better than most shooters."

One thing all trial guns do agree on is never to volunteer any information about a dog's performance to the judges. "We are not supposed to second-guess the judges either," says one Springer gun, "but sometimes you just have to help give a dog the benefit of the doubt. At the national several years ago, a gun waiting for his turn on the line was following along just behind the judges when he spotted a cock pheasant hunkered down in the grass right in front of him. Now the dog running at the time had just gone through that piece of cover, and if the judges had seen that bird get up, they very likely would have thrown the dog out of the trial for passing it by. Well, the gun calmly pinned the pheasant down with one foot until the judges had moved on 50 yards or so, and then let it take off. After all, the gun is supposed to be the 'good right arm' of the handler and the dog, and we all know that pheasants are notorious runners. That bird might have run in there *after* the dog went through. Anyway, it says right here in the rule book: 'Guns are to be seen and not heard, except for their shots.'"

END



THE GUNS: who shot at the English Springer Spaniel National Championship Stake. Dr. Alden White, Paul McClure, Gene Robertson, John Findorff, Paul Thompson II and Robert Satcher.



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The gentleman above who, for a change, is not looking into a camera, is Actor **Robert Taylor**. Taylor and wife **Ursula Thies** (left) have been touring the world with the Winchester Claybird Champions, a motley team of three men, one 13-year-old whor with a shotgun and one 30-year-old housewife. Taylor has been shooting exhibitions, not in competition. He has shot skeet for 20 years but says, "I really haven't shot competitively for six or seven years, though I enjoy it." Pressed for further details of the tour, the most autograph-hounded member of the group declined with becoming modesty, on the grounds that this was not really his show.

Father of the groom **Gene Tunney** was called upon for a few words before the wedding of his son **Jonathan** to former AP Correspondent **Kelly Smith**. The champ started slow but finished strong. "All of us are in love with Kelly," he said. "She is like—like—well, let's see. She is like a rich jewel glowing in an Ethiopian's ear." He didn't get the quote quite right, but it was

close enough so that grownups knew that Gene had not been off in Haugh-Ashbury watching hippes, he had been reading *Romeo and Juliet*.

"The trouble with big-time sports today is that they are too damned professional. Too perfect," Playwright **Arthur Miller** proclaimed recently. "The play and the fun is out of it for me. It's even true with the college-bowl-team types. People go to watch a machine operate—they admire the efficiency with which it was put together. That wipes out the connection between spectator and team. The human side is out." In Miller's own playing days the only machine he could have been said to resemble was an eggbeater. He was a gangly end for the Brooklyn Abraham Lincoln High School football team. "It was a terrible team, and I was as good as anyone else," he recalls. "I was six feet tall and 125 pounds. All will. But the thing I enjoyed about that team was the comradeship of my teammates. That's the beauty of athletics." The beauty of comradeship was not so great

that it fogged up Miller's grasp of essentials when he went to the University of Michigan later. "Of course, I didn't go out for the team," he says. "I would have busted all my bones."

Captain **Eddie Rickenbacker**, the World War I air ace, was at one time a top American auto racer—he designed his own car and, he claims, was the first man to exceed 150 mph. However, the 77-year-old Rickenbacker recently observed that he has never in his life had either a pilot's or a driver's license.

There is just no pleasing the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Here the **Richard Burtons** are shelling out \$2,400 a week to float a yacht in the Thames to spare their four dogs the trauma of quarantine. The Burtons don't use the thing—they have a hotel suite—so the 120-foot yacht and its captain and crew of nine, to say nothing of the cook, two secretaries and the 24-hour security guard, are all at the disposal of Cuthbert, Georgia, Oh Fie and E'en So. But is the RSPCA satisfied? No. "We don't like the idea of the dogs having to spend eight weeks without going for a proper walk on land," the society says fretfully.

Gaffer **Barbara Rorrock** (right) had not been to Cuba before, and you can probably believe her when she says, "I never thought I'd get there this way." Barbara was on the Delta DC-8 recently hijacked and diverted to Havana. Everyone on board realized what was happening, she says, except for one man who was asleep, and when the stewardess woke him to tell him to fasten his seat belt because they were landing in Cuba, he said, "Damn! I wanted to go to Palm Beach." The passengers were given coffee and cigarettes, followed by a tour of the airport, including the bar, where,

Barbara reports, "The disquins were great." Had the group been detained longer, officials had promised to quarter everyone at the Hilton, but after about 3½ hours the travelers were en route home. "It was harder to get back into the States than it was to get into Havana," Barbara observes. In the case of hijacked airliners, the Reds obviously dispense with red tape.

French Film Star **Jean-Paul Belmondo** has written the preface to a new book on preflighting. Robert Colombini's *Boeing Stories*, and he says of his own career, "In nine fights I performed honorably, winning four, losing four, drawing one and breaking my nose." He says also, "One must be rich in intelligence, health and courage to be a good boxer." Boxing is a great lesson in human fraternity. Well, the way human fraternity is going these days, who can say it couldn't learn something from boxing? As for a boxer being rich in intelligence, health and courage, Belmondo, as a sometime puncher of Paris gendarmes, seems richer in the last two qualities than the first.



## A short man others may have to look up to

Deane Beman, who is just starting his first full season on the pro tour, is only 5' 7½" and does not hit the ball as far as the big boys, but his ability to putt and his quiet confidence mark him as a future giant of the game

Just about anyone would have to concede that Deane Beman was having a mighty pleasant time last week. While folks in Beman's home town of Bethesda, Md. were trying to cope with runny noses and damp feet, there was Deane strolling down the fairways of the Tucson National Golf Club in the bright sunshine with the thermometer in the 70s and the lovely, stark Arizona mountains hovering in the distance. So what if he earned only \$360, finishing in a tie for 38th, 11 strokes behind George Knudson, who won his second tournament in a row. Even so, it was better than being in the East in February.

At the age of 29, Beman is just starting his first full year as a professional

golfer, and all things considered it is hard to imagine why he ever took so long to do it. Back in 1959 he had demonstrated the kind of golf he could play by winning the British Amateur, and he followed it the next year by winning the U.S. Amateur in St. Louis, a victory he repeated in 1963 at Des Moines. In fact, Beman's stature in golf was such that for eight straight years he represented the U.S. on every amateur team in international matches—the Walker Cup, the Americas Cup and the Eisenhower Trophy—compiling the admirable score of 15 victories, 7 losses and three ties.

No wonder that when Beman finally became a licensed tourist pro last fall everyone predicted a glorious future for him. "He'll make a lot of money out here," Jack Tuthill, the PGA-tournament director, was quick to predict. "He may not win too many tournaments, but he'll always be up there, picking up those two and three and four thousand dollar checks. Sort of like Dow Finsterwald used to be when he was going good."

It took Beman only a short time to confirm the forecast. When the season opened at the Crosby in January, up popped Beman in fourth place, only two shots behind the three-way tie for first among Johnny Pott, Billy Casper and Bruce Devlin. Four thousand dollars. Three weeks later at the Hope Classic in Palm Desert, Beman came flying down the stretch with closing rounds of 67-65 to catch the leaders, only to lose a sudden-death playoff to Arnold Palmer. Twelve thousand dollars. Afterward Palmer admitted he didn't feel too badly about robbing Deane of his first tour victory. "Deane will be around a lot longer than I will," Arnie explained, "and he's going to win a lot of tournaments before he's through."

The subject of all this rosy speculation looks and acts more like a promising young insurance executive, which he is,

than one of the new golfing tycoons. At 5' 7½" and 150 pounds, Beman would be hard to spot among the strong boys of modern golf except for the fact that his ball is usually about 30 yards behind the others. An old-fashioned sun visor casts a shadow over the sharply pointed face with the intensely serious blue eyes. But there is no mistaking the hunched shoulders and the spidery gait, as if he were walking over very thin ice. Later, in the dining room of that motel along the route, the boyish-looking fellow over there in the corner in the dark suit and wearing just about the last of the crew cuts in professional sport, if not the country, is Beman. As the evening wears on, you won't see him laughing it up and telling stories around the bar. He will be back in his room reading the editorials in the local papers, thinking about his golf, filling out his daily log on what clubs he practiced with that day and getting plenty of rest. "I didn't come out here just to be another golfer on the tour," Beman will tell you. "I never have thought of golf as just a game. It was always more than a game to me—even as an amateur."

That, in short, is the key to this young man. A year ago Deane Beman would have been the envy of just about any young American businessman. He was the founder and partner of a thriving insurance agency in Arlington, Va. He had a charming wife who took it in stride if he spent his off days on the golf course instead of clapping the hedges. He had four children he doted on, and he was the kind of local celebrity who got stopped for his autograph often enough to realize he had made his mark on the world. Once a year or more his expenses would be paid for a nice trip abroad to represent his country in some golf matches.

Yet, as Beman tells it now, "I was in

DEANE'S DRIVES MAY LACK POWER



constant turmoil. There was this continuous conflict inside me, and I knew it would get worse as time went on. I would sit there at home in the winter watching television, and all the fellows I had played junior golf with and competed against as amateurs would be out in Palm Springs or one of the other tournament towns, and all I could think about was that I had never given myself the opportunity to compete against them on equal terms. When the Masters or the Open rolled around, I was never ready to play my best, and I was never happy when I finished. If I was unhappy with myself now, I knew it would get worse as time went on.

"We all know people who are always talking about what they might have done," Berman continues. "One of the things that kept running through my mind was that I would one day be telling my children what I could have done in golf. It would have worn pretty thin with them."

For more than three years any thoughts that Berman might have entertained about turning pro had been thwarted by a lame wrist. It happened when Deane was practicing for the 1964 Masters on the frozen turf at his home club in Bethesda, and the jarring impact of the club head striking the hard ground injured the tendons at the base of his right hand. Despite the pain, he continued his usual golfing schedule, playing in all the major amateur events with the help of frequent cortisone injections. Although Berman never talked about it publicly, the injury made it impossible for him to hit a decent sand shot or those delicate little chip shots from alongside the green.

Berman now concedes that it was this injury that brought him to disaster in the 1966 Amateur at Merion when he came into the final two holes with a three-stroke lead, yet lost.

A few months later Berman finally found the man who could repair the damage—Dr. Rolla Campbell, a New York surgeon who is the brother of Bill Campbell, a former amateur champion with whom Berman had been playing championship golf for years. After some exploratory surgery, Dr. Campbell re-routed the tendons and ligaments that had caused the trouble. By early 1967 Deane discovered he could once again play all the golf shots without wincing.

With the wrist healed, Berman decid-

ed to turn pro, but before doing so, he consulted three important people. "When I reached the Masters," Berman says, "I told my wife. Naturally, she would have preferred me to be home, but she also wanted me to be happy doing what I felt I should do. Then I told my partner, Bill Buppert, that I might, and he told me he thought I should have done it before. I had already accepted an invitation to play in the Walker Cup matches in England in May, so I sat down with Joe Dey of the USGA and told him what I wanted to do, and he was very nice about it and said if that was what I wanted to do then I ought to go ahead. Here I had spent eight or nine years developing a routine and a way of life, and it was all changed in that one day. Very few people embark on a professional golf career with the same obligations—a business, a home, a family, four children and a mortgage."

Very few people embark on a professional golf career with the same kind of game as Deane Berman, either. With the exception of a few superannuated diehards from a previous era who still cling to the tour, Berman is certainly the shortest hitter in big-time golf, a fact that was painfully evident when he lost the sudden-death playoff to Palmer at the Hope Classic. On the deciding hole:

a 435-yard 4-par—Deane had to hit a four-wood for his second shot against Palmer's six-iron. Berman willingly admits that on most fairway shots he is anywhere from a half a club to a club and a half shorter than most of the other players. "But that's of my choosing," he adds. "I'm capable of hitting the ball pretty much as far as anyone. It's just that I prefer to hit a little more club and hit it easier, because that way I feel I can get the ball closer to the pin."

"Anybody on the tour can hit a super golf shot," Berman adds. "My plan is not to work on perfecting the beautiful shots but eliminating the bad shots. I don't mean I'll ever stop striving for excellence but not at the expense of control and accuracy. Most players out here generate such terrific club-head speed that when they make a bad swing the ball goes almost as far as with a good one. When I hit it bad, it's short—not behind a tree or under a bush. That short drive of mine doesn't get in too much trouble."

Out on the tour, when the discussion



... BUT HE PUTTS LIKE A POOL SHARK

gets around to Deane Berman, it is not his lack of power they talk about but his putting. Bent over his ball on the putting green like a question mark, his battle-scarred Bull's Eye in hand, Berman must be ranked with the finest putters that golf has ever seen. His method is absurdly simple: keep your mind a blank. "All you do," he explains, "is set yourself up the way you plan to stroke the shot and then let your automatic reflexes take over. It's when you're thinking about something and then change your mind at the time of stroking the ball that you get into trouble."

To illustrate, Berman told about his second round at this year's Los Angeles Open when he was struggling through a cold and blustery day with a bad case of flu. "I was just numb," he recalled, "and I played just awful. When I reached the green I was exhausted to the point where I couldn't think of anything. So every time I putted the ball it just seemed to roll right into the cup. I think I only took something like 26 putts."

Finally, there is one quality involved in Berman's golf, something not found in a golf bag, that promises to make him a winner. Joe Dey mentioned it when speaking of Deane recently. "Apart from everything else," said Dey, "he's got character."

ENO



## 'Sure ain't fun no more'

Speeds were way up—to 190 mph—but joy way down in the Daytona 500 stock-car run as steady Cale Yarborough raced to a narrow win

Daytona Beach, Fla. has claimed the title of Speed Capital of the World ever since 1903, when Alexander Winston made the first run for the land-speed record on the seaside sands. That era ended in 1935. Sir Malcolm Campbell ran out of beach, after boosting the record to 276 mph, and moved his operation—and consequently everyone else's—to the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah. Things were relatively quiet from then until 1959, when Bill France opened the Daytona International Speedway. Featuring big U.S. stock cars, it quickly became known as the world's fastest race oval.

The 10th Daytona 500-mile stock-car race this Sunday did nothing to hurt the superspeed image. It was fitting that Cale Yarborough won the race over Lee Roy Yarborough in a magnificent 25-lap sprint to the checkered flag, their nearly identical 1968 Mercurys only a second apart as the 80,000 spectators stood and screamed.

Their duel was just the right snapper to the events of the previous 2½ weeks, days when car after car skittered and slammed around the high-banked course at speeds approaching 190 mph—speeds just a little bit beyond comprehension.

The record-breaking began on Feb-

ruary 7 when Cale Yarborough and Tiny Lund opened the first day of practice by careening around at 185 mph. David Pearson boosted that to 190. On February 11, when the drivers got down to qualifying for the 500, Cale won the pole position at 189.222 mph and all of a sudden little knots of brave men were talking to each other—and to themselves. For the statistical-minded, that speed represented an 8.4-mph jump over last year and a whopping 46-mph—or 30%—boost over the fastest qualifying time nine years ago. (Indianapolis single-seaters are probably capable of 210 mph at Daytona, but nobody has put them to the test there since 1959, when the only Indy-at-Daytona racing killed two drivers.)

Cale's only comment, "You don't drive these cars anymore—you aim them," had the no-nonsense brevity you might expect from someone who spent his idle hours as a kid wading barefoot through the swamplands near Timmonsville, S.C. to catch water moccasins barehanded, and who made 200 free-fall parachute jumps before somebody suggested he hook up his chute to a static line. Other drivers didn't take the speeds so casually. Lund, as hard a charger as stock-car racing has seen, said,

"You drive a lap and get into those turns and you just don't think you can get around. But you do, and then you say to yourself, 'I did it the last time, maybe I can do it just one more lap.' I'm not scared of it, just a little uneasy. But, boy, driving down here sure ain't fun no more."

Three factors contributed to the general uneasiness. First, above 180 mph a car cannot follow a clean groove around the course. In the turns especially, where a force of about 2 Gs is trying to push the cars right off the edge of the race-track, they tend to use up all the track they can find. Second, the drivers' straight-ahead vision in the turns is limited to approximately 150 feet. At 180 mph a car travels 264 feet per second. The implications are obvious.

The third factor is drafting, where a car follows bumper-to-bumper in the partial vacuum of another racer and, in essence, is "towed" around the track. Everybody knew what happened in that situation up to 180 mph. Above that, nobody did until last month: it was like driving an outboard motorboat in the wash of the *Queen Elizabeth*.

Ford's Bobby Allison said, "Every time you make a lap you see the skid marks and gouges on the track and the wall. They're going to be there indelibly for all time."

Even Glen Wood, the chief mechanic of Cale's winning car, contributed his bit. "Used to be there were places out there you could relax," he said, "especially on that long back chute [3,300 feet of it]. Now those cars are squirrely all the way around."

And even Lee Roy said, "You know, you hear a lot of stories about how wild race drivers are and all that. But I'll tell you, at 190 mph you get all the thrills you want. This track and those speeds make a gentleman out of you in a hurry."

Lund, 250 pounds of ham, put it as well as anyone when he said, "It's gonna be a ride and a half out there Sunday."

He was right, of course. To hardly anyone's surprise, the race was slowed by 11 caution flags for accidents, which cut Cale's winning time to 143.251 mph, or a speed 11 mph slower than Richard Petty's 1964 record.

The worst mishap occurred just past the halfway point, when Mario Andretti—the Indy import—and Buddy Baker,

both of whom had led the race, tangled violently coming off the No. 4 turn and spun down to the infield area in front of the main grandstand.

Andretti, who may be the most unflappable driver around, was visibly flapped. "Baker hit me from behind and I spun," he said. "He shouldn't have been so close." It took Baker a full half hour to get his flaming temper under control. Then he said, "Hell, Mario lost it, plain and simple. He was already going backward when we hit."

Other contenders fell back because of one mishap or another. Richard Petty's Plymouth lost the molding around the windshield, and getting the window literally taped back onto the car cost him two laps. A. J. Foyt, in a Ford, first stalled in the pits, then retired with engine trouble. Donnie Allison crumpled the suspension of his Ford when he hit the wall on the No. 2 turn of the D-shaped track, and his brother Bobby had a cylinder conk out with 50 miles to go. But Bobby still managed to limp home third.

Bobby's slowdown left the track to Cale and Lee Roy when the last yellow caution flag was lifted—with just under 60 miles to go. At that time Lee Roy had the lead by nearly 30 seconds, but by the 190-lap mark Cale was within range—two seconds behind. Four laps later the margin was just .6 of a second, and on the back straight of the next lap the stocky redhead made his first bid for the lead. He pulled even with Lee Roy and actually led going into the No. 3 turn. Lee Roy, who was higher on the track and thus had more driving room, just kept going and regained the first position by the time the two cars had emerged from No. 4.

The next time around Cale, who simply had more horsepower, got by Lee Roy for keeps and led him to the finish line by a few car lengths. Cale barely saw the checkered flag. Just before he hooked up with Lee Roy he had got stuck behind David Pearson, whose Ford was spraying oil all over everything, including Cale's windshield. "I couldn't see a thing," Cale said.

He saw enough. When it was over, he and the 49 other drivers could relish another thrill—of having come out of the race with their hides intact.

"When February is over," said one, "I feel I've got another 11 months to live."

END



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## Calumet is back with a wicked-running colt

It is curious how the whole complexion of a racing season can be altered during the less than two minutes it takes to run off a single race. Consider, for example, the current 3-year-olds. Until the middle of last week the banner of the division was to have been carried through the 1968 classics by the massive, sensational-looking Vitrolie, Ogden Phipps's champion of the 1967 2-year-old season. In his Hialeah debut on February 12 Vitrolie looked most impressive, beating Master Bold and Iron Ruler at seven furlongs. Highweight at 126 pounds in the Experimental Free Handicap, Vitrolie, a bay son of Bold Ruler and the Ambiorix mare Sarcastic, stands 16 hands, two inches and weighs, according to Trainer Eddie Neloy, somewhere between 1,150 and 1,200 pounds. "He's a huge colt," says Neloy. "But he was not real smart last year. In fact, he was so dumb that it took him more time than most colts require to learn their lessons. But now, as the distances lengthen and as his constitution develops, I expect him to improve a lot."

Last week the distances for the 3-year-olds did lengthen, but all that Vitrolie got out of the Everglades, in which he went off as the 3-to-5 favorite, were two cuts, a three-length beating and a tarnished reputation. It was hardly his day.

The Everglades was the first stakes of the year at a mile and an eighth. It usually separates a lot of the boys from some of the men, and in at least three instances, when it was won by Citation, Tim Tam and Carry Back, it signaled the winner of both the Flamingo and the Kentucky Derby.

Right after the start Mike Phipps's Master Bold, another son of Bold Ruler, took off to set a blazing pace. But at the finish it was Calumet Farm's Forward Pass, a 17-to-1 shot, who staged a wild rodeolike stretch run to nip Wise Exchange by a head, as Master Bold hung on bravely to take third. He was beaten only by a neck, but still finished three lengths in front of fourth-place Vitrolie. Behind this quartet came Subpet, Maggie's Pet, Verbatim and the hopelessly outclassed longshot Tough.

Master Bold's pace of :22½ for the quarter, :45½ for the half, 1:09½ for six furlongs and 1:35½ for the mile, over a track that wasn't all that fast, should have set things up perfectly for a late runner with the credentials of Vitrolie. But, in all fairness to the big boy, he did have an excuse or two. As they went into the first turn, Verbatim put him into close quarters, and at this point Tough, who had come out of the inside gate, veered out and almost knocked Vitrolie sideways. In the course of this donnybrook, Vitrolie sustained one cut on the inside of his left front ankle and a deeper cut on the rear of the pastern of the same leg. No one could blame him for not putting forth his best effort following such an encounter.

At the same time this should not detract from a fine, honest performance by Forward Pass, who at the moment seems to have as much right to the claim of a real future as any colt on either coast. He has the look about him, says

former Calumet Trainer Jimmy Jones, "of a lot of our old big wicked-running Calumet-type horses, and Trainer Henry Forrest has him in superb condition."

Last year Forward Pass was in the money seven times in 10 starts, and in his only stakes victory, the Flash at Saratoga, Vitrolie was third. This season Forward Pass won the Hibiscus by five lengths over Wise Exchange and then was fourth to Verbatim, Subpet and Wise Exchange in the Bahamas. But, says rival Trainer Neloy, "With his form, he could beat any of us at any time. If he doesn't win, he's never far from it, and you've got to respect that kind of runner."

You also have to respect what Jimmy Jones calls "the sort of pedigree that could mean almost anything." Forward Pass's sire is On-And-On, a son of Nasrullah, and his mare is Two Lea, by Bull Lea. "Two Lea was one of the greatest fillies I ever saw in my life," says Jones. "Why, she was smart enough to



**MOVING ERRATICALLY** in the stretch, Forward Pass (second from right) overtakes Master Bold as Vitrolie (near left) struggles to hold fourth and Wise Exchange (center) drives into contention.



talk to you. Forward Pass's dam, Princess Turia, is by Heliopolis and, although she was born with a crooked leg and almost didn't get to the races, she ultimately won the Kentucky Oaks, Pimiento's Black-Eyed Susan, the Acorn and was barely beaten by Levee in the Coaching Club American Oaks. With this breeding, don't discount anything."

Jockey Don Brumfield is even more excited about Forward Pass. After the Hibiscus a few weeks ago, he noted that during the winter the colt had gradually changed from a boy to a man and was running the way a good horse should instead of being shook up and bothered during a race. Following the Everglades, he added, "Sure, Forward Pass was tired, but he kept on fighting down to the wire like a good horse should. And if anybody is interested in companions, I still think Forward Pass has shown me more so far this season than Kauai King did at the same point."

The eight colts in the Everglades and those who will join some of them in this week's Flamingo are not the only Derby-bound horses who will make news in the next two months. Among those who still may get into the main act at Hialeah are Iron Ruler, a hard-driving winner just two days before the Everglades, and Salerno. At Santa Anita, T V Commercial made his first start of the winner last week and finished fourth. And California fans have been treated to some noteworthy performances by such runners as Dignitas, Don B., Dewan, Chris, Sharrivari, Fiddle Isle, Alley Fighter, Prince Pablo, Royal Fols, Jig Time, Baffle, Page and Able.

Meanwhile, back at the farm—the South Carolina training centers, that is—are two of last fall's best 2-year-olds. Captain's Girl, tied at second highweight in the Experimental at 123 pounds with Iron Ruler and Subpet, stepped on a nail in December, somewhat delaying his training and canceling a trip to Hialeah. But he is doing well now in preparation for a spring campaign at Keeneland before Churchill Downs Bugged, the winner of the Garden State, is at Camden, S.C. and is also progressing satisfactorily. As undistinguished and mediocre as the 3-year-olds may be as a group, they should provide stirring competition. The absence to date of one truly outstanding colt practically insures this.

END



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*Dreams of athletic glories ebb, a shadow no larger than a man's hand becomes a menacing cloud, stabs of pain grow into unsubsiding aches and then—fair warning having been received—a man faces up to 40*

**BY EZRA BOWEN**

# CROSSING THE BAR

**H**ow many times in your life, when some great event is about to take place, can you orchestrate that event to your own taste? Think back to when you were drafted or when your wife had her first baby. Who was steering the ship that day, eh? Not you, not I. But I faced a rare day not long ago, with one of life's critical landfalls looming ahead, when I felt the old ship to be superbly in hand. This was early last spring, in the month leading to my 40th birthday, that symbolic portal to middle age. My wife and I were celebrating with a ski trip to Alta, Utah where, on this particular day, we were unpacking for three glorious weeks of charging down the deepest, darkest ski mountains in America.

The two of us, if I may say so, were both in superb physical condition at the time of our arrival in Alta, she by dint of the R.C.A.F. exercises, I by running a mile and lifting weights on alternate mornings and playing tennis two nights a week. So we had no trouble adjusting to the extreme altitude. As we climbed onto the chair lift for our first run I, for one, felt no qualm about taking on such a

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Steve Meyers

heavy dose of high-mountain skiing. At the top we found 15 inches of new powder on the headwall, with the snow still sifting down. Joyfully, we whirled off into the gray morning, swooping, shouting, turning, blind as two bats in the storm's flat light but filled with the rapture of the high country. I went out again that afternoon, along with a trail-breaking gang of four instructors whose average age was about 25. And, well, perhaps one should not mention this, but it was rather pleasant to see how, after the first few turns, they stopped looking back for me and began instead to tend very much to their own skiing.

After the last run I came to our room and slid into a scalding tub with a glass of Cognac. At dinner my wife and I shared a steak, fresh bread, salad and Bordeaux. And I remember thinking how sad it was that other people seemed to have so much trouble coming to grips with their middle years. You know the old saws: Franklin P. Adams saying that "Middle age occurs when you are too young to take up golf and too old to rush up to the net"; Joe Louis, after a splendid knockout over Lee Savold, observing wistfully, "My age, what happen all depend on how you feel when you get up that day"; and that famous poisoned dart about how "Some people grow old gracefully, others learn to rumba."

Such words had always seemed to me like tired excuses for tolerating slippage in the machinery. At a prizefight I had seen one recent victim of the rumba syndrome: Norman Mailer, age 44. He kept wandering around ringside in a many-strapped trench coat, two fascinated blondes close in his wake and a manila envelope bulging with typescript clutched to his collarbone, much in the style of *Lulus* clutching his blanket.

Another example appeared just after dinner that first night in the ski country. I phoned an old friend, a gray-haired ski-shop owner, to join us for a nightcap. He roared up to the hotel in a Goldfinger-type sports car, bedecked with dozens of dashboard dials and eyehds on the headlights. He himself was wearing winkle-picker boots, Italian pants and a 3-month-old haircut. I asked him, in an offhand way, how he felt about being middle-aged, at which point he lobbed back one of those bits of capsulized joviality that ski people keep around to toss to outsiders. "Ho, ho," he said. "When I was young, my face was smooth and my pants were baggy. Now I am old, my pants are smooth and my face is baggy." That was pretty good, but then he saw I was serious and he became first morose, then pained-stricken. "Growing old gracefully is a stupid idea," he said eventually. And soon he fled.

Impatient with these hints of mortality, I asked my wife if she was having any qualms about her own proximity to 40. She pondered before replying, "I think the main thing for a girl is that she knows she can't possibly have an af-

fair with a ski instructor unless she's rich." This did not seem to be advancing the ball very far either, so I retired.

It is hard to describe the next morning. As best I could tell on awakening, I had turned into a pillar of salt. My mouth was dry and cracked, and my joints seemed to have crystallized. I lay still for perhaps an hour, but then it was apparent I was going to feel no better on this particular day. Everywhere I had fallen—which was just about everywhere—hurt in a dull way. I decided to try standing up, theorizing that at least there were no bruises on the bottoms of my feet. Disturbed by my lamentations, my wife lifted her head to reveal a flourishing crop of overnight fever blisters and a pair of oddly swollen eyebrows. Seeing them in a bedside mirror, she bleated and disappeared beneath the sheet for the rest of the morning.

Despite my acute physical discomfort, it did not occur to me to do anything so sensible as go back to bed. After all, I had always felt a little stiff the second day of any sport. Why, back in college there had been some grouchy mornings at the beginning of the basketball and baseball seasons. But then and since, after a couple of good, sweaty hours—or at worst a couple of days—the old frame was oiled up and moving better than ever. Besides, I had been reared long ago in a kind of cold-hip-bath-and-bowl-of-gruel tradition, one which tolerated no modicum of self-indulgence or in-turned pity. My principal tutor in this ethic was my mother, Catherine Drinker Bowen, a long-shanked, straight-eyed Philadelphia lady of much literary talent and competitive drive, to whom the thought of giving in to physical frailty, particularly the frailty of middle age, was repulsive. In fact, the concept made her nervous. She used to remind us at least once a month that Mozart had expired at 35, Shelley at 29. These facts provided clear evidence that life's cruellest joke was to strike down creative people at the height of their powers.

"I can hear the roar of the cataract," she would announce at sudden, odd moments, savoring the doom-cry of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the elder. To which my Quaker stepfather—about whom, more later—would reply, "Dearie, thy hearing must be very keen indeed."

Indeed it must have been. At that time she arose every day at 7:30, wrote for five hours, then tapered off by walking two miles (winter) or by swimming in the surf, riding horses or playing tennis (summer). Each day was like a round in a prizefight, the purpose being to win all rounds by a knockout, or at least by a big margin. This was especially evident to anyone who took her on at tennis (my sister, a 1966 Seattle Tennis Club champion, surrendered to Mother for good in the summer of 1939) or at a family card game called Pounce, in which the main rule was that if you were going to cry, you couldn't play. It has always been my hope that the Great Scorer turned his face from



these games for her sake as well as for mine. My entire Pounce career was spent sniffling on the bench.

As for tennis, after my 237th consecutive loss I said to her one day at the net, "Just think, as you're getting weaker and weaker, I'll be getting stronger and stronger." She reacted to this filial warmth by going to bed for three days with a sore throat. (Since, by the family code, it was immoral to show any conventional stress signs, my mother's reflex in the face of adversity was always to get a sore throat, which, being of uncertifiable origin, provided the moral sanction for a brief collapse into bed.)

In any case, my comment at tennis, besides being a wretched thing to have said, turned out to be a very poor assessment of impending circumstances. The present year is my mother's 70th and, though she has abandoned both tennis and Pounce, largely for lack of suitable opponents, her only real concession to age is that she now breaks her walk with 20 laps in the heated pool of a friend who lives a half a mile from the house. For my part, while there have been various minor peaks—and a number of major valleys—in the years since, on this particular morning at Alta my strength was by no means waxing.

Nevertheless, propelled in part by maternal heritage and in large measure by confidence that the proper juices would soon start flowing, I headed up to the mountain. At the top, alas, I could see that a number of depressing changes had occurred on the ski slope overnight. The snow struck me as heavier, and very patchy, with funny transitions all over the place. It seemed dangerous that other people were skiing so fast; terribly lucky for them, too, that they were making it all right in such bad stuff. After a good deal of cautious sideslipping, I tried two turns, butchered the second one, got up and crashed again right away. Sitting in the snow at the head of a steep gully, I became aware that my toes were numb and cold from clutching at the innersoles of my boots. Moreover, my goggles were fogging up and, when I raised them to clear the lenses, the sun seemed unnecessarily bright. Things stayed pretty much this way all day. Finally, at 4 o'clock, I wrote off the day and staggered back to the lodge. Tomorrow morning would be better.

But tomorrow morning was just terrible, too. Every bump was a surprise, and I always seemed to be going too fast. I quit at 11 for a sauna and an extended lunch. Feeling

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somewhat restored, I spent the afternoon taking a private lesson and went to bed early, set for a breakthrough next morning. I am sorry to report, however, that there was no morning breakthrough. Nor was there one in the afternoon. The fourth day was bottoms. Still hurting in various bones and sinews, I went out with a pair of avalanche patrolmen to ski a tree-strewn cliff that was mangled with another yard of fresh powder. I tried terribly hard. At trail's end, one of them said, "Say, you know, you're a good sport." Lay translation, "You stunk."

Wounded, I sought wifely comfort, and wifely comfort is what I got. She was on the sun deck, reading something on Henry James. I told her what had happened, and that, dammit, I was going to take three days of private lessons if I had to, because I just wasn't going to be that bad. "I think you're being silly," she said, striking just below the waterline, and returned to Henry James.

Coming as it did, with the range and velocity of obvious forethought, this was a particularly damaging shot. It seemed to imply something not just about the past few days, but about many, many days past—not to mention an indefinite number of days ahead. About the days past, it seemed to say that any man on the threshold of middle age was, expressly, silly to knock himself out trying to hang onto something that was going to get away sooner or later no matter what he did. It never occurred to me that I had fallen into this foible, simply because I had been at some pains to insure myself against it, the way anyone else could who really cared to. By the simple exercise of self-control, any man could see to it that he ripened in carefully controlled sections. That is, while his head grew gray and calm, the rest could be kept keen and springy. And, thus, he would be ever better equipped to meet all challenges, both physical and mental. This, however, is not at all what my wife seemed to be saying.

About the future, I thought I caught in her words the more specific message that the time for conquest of the vigorous sports had simply run out. This was terrible news indeed. By conquest, I do not mean just getting a little better than the next guy, particularly if the next guy is a soggy commuter who is perfectly happy paddling about in a quiet lagoon of slow stem Christies, mid-90s golf or middle-aged doulbles. I mean getting really good, like an athlete should. And I could not imagine or remember a) wanting to be counted anywhere but among the really fine athletes or b) believing that there was not still time to make it. I mean, there had always been time.

There had certainly been plenty of time way back when this passion had first taken hold. That was in 1933, as I recall, in the second grade, when the keenest ambition of

most small boys around the country was to be a baseball player, a pitcher like Dizzy Dean or a slugging first baseman like Lou Gehrig. In Philadelphia, however, the spirit of baseball fantasy had long since been broken by the ghastly spectacle of the Phillies and the A's, whose pitchers then had names like Boom Boom Beck and Lane Drive Nelson and whose most memorable first baseman, in my book, anyway, was a biggy-kneed disaster named Talmage Abernathy. For almost a decade while I was growing up, these men committed prodigies of malleability that left their teams 20 games in the cellar and all surrounding boys with the conviction that major league baseball was a garbage heap to which no sensible boy need aspire. Under these circumstances, the thing to be in Philadelphia was a football player, and preferably what was then called a triple-threat halfback, like the ones at Penn and Princeton.

Right up through the first year of high school I had shared this dream with another skinny, slow-footed little boy named Neddly Dillon. Of course, neither of us showed anything like the proper physical promise. Then, one fateful September day, he came back from summer camp 30 pounds heavier and much swifter afoot, with leg muscles and tufts of hair here and there and whispered knowledge of unmentionable things. Soon thereafter he was, in fact, a triple-threat halfback on the school varsity while I, along with three million other 10th-graders, was still little and skinny and slow. For the next 25 years, there had been a temptation to keep looking ahead to one's own share of Neddly Dillon's miracle in which, through the mystical awakening of latent hormones, you became powerful and quick and surpassingly skillful, able to call forth at any moment whatever physical resources the situation demanded.

But these years tended to slide by in relatively unrequited order. And while it occurred that I came back first from camp and later from the Navy both taller and stronger—though alas no faster over 100 yards—something far more fundamental happened at the same time: the current crop of triple-threat halfbacks all began to have birth dates after mine, in years like 1930 or 1932. And no matter how skillfully one might manipulate the theoretical variables—such as being red-shirted through half a dozen seasons or even waiting to blossom as a nonrunning quarterback on a professional team—the raw mathematics became a formidable obstacle for a future football star born in 1927. Furthermore, there was progressively less sustenance to be had from the illusion that player A or B was better than me because he was older.

After college it had been necessary to readjust the secret goal away from football, since all college players and too many professionals were now younger. Fortunately, at

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this time there was an upsurge of elderly prizefighters, such as Tony Zale, Gus Lesnevich and Joe Walcott, who were fighting title bouts at 35 or so. That left me a good 10 years to make it as a fighter. At the same time I began to think far more kindly of big-league first basemen, since I now saw that first base on some teams was a kind of pastime for mature athletes who could still hit, though some were older even than their managers.

But, of course, setting up these alternative goals turned out to be no more than a simple-minded delaying tactic—as was the addition at age 35 of professional golf—because the process that takes a man past the point of possible triumph in football also sweeps him beyond the ages of the heroes in these other sports. Eventually there was no more hope on the horizon of major national competition, save the shining beacons of Archie Moore, Stan Musial, Charlie Conerly (I guess I never truly gave up on football), Sam Snead and Ben Hogan, men who clung to the pinnacle of their game right into middle age. But you could hardly sit around on the brink of 40 looking forward to being one of them. What I mean to say is that, while at 15 it may have been both logical and immensely comforting to believe that in six years one might be as good as a 21-year-old Stan Musial, now that I was nearly 40 and Musial was 46, we were both simply too old to play baseball—having left, meanwhile, quite different imprints on the national culture.

For some odd reason, that truth had been very difficult to perceive, though I must confess that there had been ample clues along the way to aid in its perception. For example, quite apart from the looming fact of geniatrics, several winters ago my sons, now 11 and 12, established a reference point known as, "Your day, Daddy," as in, "Back in your day, Daddy, did they 1) have television, 2) know about rockets, 3) ride cool motorcycles, 4) only get 60¢ allowance, 5) have to go to bed at 9:15 when all the other kids, etc . . . ?" That should have been a fair clue that my day might not be tomorrow. Another clue, in the slowly clearing light of hindsight, should have been visible in the fall of 1965 when the boys suggested that henceforth I might like to referee the neighborhood touch football games, in which I had previously functioned as a lordly pass-thrower for both sides. And surely another hint was made distressingly available at the yacht club summer before last when, after watching a children's swim meet, I dove in and swam a hard lap to pull up, puffing and dripping, at the feet of the college boy who coached the team. Grinning at the stopwatch in his hand, he said, quietly, "Mr. Bowen, it seems that you are one of my slower 10-and-unders."

None of these, however, had come through with quite the impact of my wife's comment on the sun deck at Alta.

Maybe that is what wives are for. In any event, I excused myself. Feeling a sore throat coming on, I went to our bedroom to be down for a while. There I discovered in my wife's open suitcase a kind of vest-pocket library whose titles—*The Revolt of the Middle-Aged Man*, and so on—confirmed more clearly than any other bit of recent evidence that the middle-age process had been taking hold of me for some time, with no orchestration whatever on my part. For want of any finer course of action, I started to thumb through the books, thinking in a spiritless way that they might contain some guidance for the middle-aged triple-threat man. But, of course, books like this never say anything about sport.

The first one, *The Revolt*, offered principally the stale scold that I was headed for an emotional second adolescence. A second book, *The Middle-Aged Crisis*, accused me of a number of other things, all true, such as having erotic fantasies and not making enough money. There was a magazine story containing the grim notion that how one went about being 40 was of no consequence because the whole world was headed for a youth-in, during the course of which the abyss of middle age was being eroded back from 40 to 30 to the narrow ledge of 25. Finally, I dug down to the bottom of the suitcase and discovered that old, standard work, *Life Begins at 40*, which presented the following unthought "By nothing more than self-analysis . . . anybody reaching 40 can learn to live more abundantly." This is like telling the town drunk that by nothing more than running faster, he can learn to be an Olympic champion. Then, the author added heartily: "To live at one's best, one ought to have some 10,000 distinct experiences of satisfaction annually."

Clearly none of these people knew any more about the whole shabby business than I now did. And what I knew, it seemed to me, was that a man cannot mature by controlled sectors, no matter how much weight lifting, wind sprints, youththink or other forms of Geritol are poured into the project. Rather, he gets older all over, and pretty much all at once. And if he is not aware of it, everyone else sure is. Furthermore, when it happens, the proper time for conquest is definitely past, no matter what sports we are talking about. In sum, there was no use continuing to fight the fact that life had definitely changed. From now on we were going to have to play with a whole new set of rules. The only problem was, what were these new rules to be?

I suppose everyone has his own answers to this question, but for me, in view of all that had happened, it seemed logical to begin with the notion that at 40 I was not going to be a whole lot better next year at any given sport. As a corollary, it seemed necessary for me to abandon the limp but historically sustaining illusion that the

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performance of athlete A or B had been better because he was older. Henceforth, athletes A, B and on through Z had to be judged better simply because they *were* better or, more pertinently, because they were younger. This last idea, on first contemplation, seemed the heaviest blow of all. It obviously propelled the middle-aged athlete past the point of no return. But, as I thought about it, I realized that if I could ever come to accept the notion, it would be far easier to live with than the old, opposite concept. It would automatically free me from the compulsion to keep trying to get lots better. After all, practice as I might, I could never become younger.

In skiing, particularly, I could begin to see that it was perfect nonsense to try to keep up with all those supple young animals who wore instructor's patches or ski-patrol parkas. The people in skiing who are really good have become to somewhere between the ages of 13 and 20. And though some instructors remain supple and precise right up to about 40, after that they tend to become heavy and to sweat a lot. But they still retain a certain élan, and this thought led me to my theory of Prowess and Cool. We all have an athletic graph on which there are two lines, Prowess and Cool. These are the two essentials for athletic achievement—in fact, for any achievement. Professional athletes possess large quantities of both. Hence, on their graphs the two lines begin close together, very high up on the scale, and run parallel for an indeterminate time. If, at any point in mid-career, the professional is momentarily deserted by his Prowess, his Cool will usually come forward to sustain him.

With the amateur, on the other hand, Prowess begins, let us say, about halfway up the scale. Cool, of course, is nowhere in sight, as any honest man will concede if he has ever stood over a two-foot putt or tried to put away a duck-soup smash at the net. For a remarkably long time, the Prowess line runs level, with only minor peaks and valleys, until at about 35 it starts a long, steady slide. At the same time, Cool, hopefully, will make its first appearance, rising in a sharp upward swoop to cross Prowess at some single point. Unfortunately, this point may occur at an instant when you are riding a train or are sound asleep. If, however, you are terribly lucky, the crossing will come during a sporting day and occupy a period of some three or four hours, during which you suddenly perform magnificent deeds, say, on the foredeck of a racing sloop or destroy a tennis opponent 6-0, 6-0, 6-0. In either case, the wise man must neither anticipate the moment nor try to recapture it once past.

As this crossing and diverging of the lines takes place, it is extremely important not to panic or rush off and learn to rumba. There is nothing sadder, I now realize, than a freshly minted 40-year-old who, having been handed the

middle-aged Blessing of Cool, forthwith blows it in a compulsive hot war with the calendar. It is doubly sad since, having outlived the possibility of really competing with the young, there lies ahead, as I have since confirmed, the pleasant fact that against other middle-aged opponents, Prowess is not of much consequence. A middle-aged tennis player can easily observe that at 40 nobody can run fast anymore except, perhaps, some unattractive types who are not necessarily running after the right things. But Cool does matter. If a man can hang onto it long enough, it is possible to wind up like my Uncle Rowly, a first-class tournament doubles player whose Prowess at tennis had sunk to zero at 75. But by that time he had so much Cool he couldn't have cared less. He simply withdrew into a benign dotage of lawn bowls, played on a court of his own making in a game uniform featuring an ascot, a marvelously shaggy tweed coat and a pair of 1932 Spalding saddle shoes—on any thermometer, as cool a Cool as you will ever find.

Along the way to such a distinguished goal, it is possible, in fact quite essential, to take on a benevolent, even patronizing, attitude toward the whole concept of Prowess, and of youth, too, if you like. In the still brightening light of hindsight, it has become evident to me that this was an attitude possessed in heroic measure by men like my Uncle Rowly. Men like my stepfather, too, for that matter. He and Uncle Rowly both ripened in an era when middle age was a paunchy and still dignified estate to which, at time, a man properly came.

For my stepfather, particularly, the fact of growing older was in no way traumatic. To him, middle age was simply one more way station in a journey that, before it ended, included such other checkpoints as the Second Battle of the Marne, Pearl Harbor, a spectacular plane crash, the ownership of two pet eagles and marriage to my mother. Moreover, he was both a philosopher and a skillful surgeon. In this dual role, he had observed that life's end was unquestionably the grave, and he saw no sense brooding over any increased proximity thereto. Most particularly, he felt that the loss of youth was good riddance, for with it should vanish the eccentric behavior of that age group.

He believed that no grown man should waste time at games, such as tennis and squash, which he judged to be for the very young or for former collegiate champions—a species abounding at the nearby Cricket Club—who charged about in the hot sun until overtaken by coronary thrombosis. Golf he considered insufferable nonsense, a poor use for land that might otherwise be given over to falconry, the cross-breeding of exotic trees or to landing the various small aircraft he owned until my mother shoo him down with an ultimatum about flying. He was, moreover,

very aware of the prerogatives of age and enjoyed them enormously, rising in a baronial way at table's end to carve the Sunday roast, thundering in ecstasies of rage whenever Roosevelt spoke on the radio (this reflex was expected of all mature Philadelphians, just as hating Custer was once the proper stance of all right-thinking Sioux), reading Dickens aloud and making periodic forays downtown to Bookbinder's restaurant for soft-shell crab—an indulgence that always felled him beneath hideous spasms of gastroenteritis. As for the new-wave ethic of skunk, skin diving or jogging four miles each morning, any middle-aged man who behaved thus was a dangerous lunatic, lurching through the autumn days with his eyes fixed on a vanished season.

It was with my new perceptions carefully stowed in the barn, so to speak, that I eased through the last two weeks at Alta in a series of slow skier's waltzes with my wife and a group of other people that I can only describe as "our age." We packed and headed home, and I was very curious to see whether, against the familiar backdrop, I would find that I was really possessed of fresh knowledge or just so much more illusion.

The first day home was terribly cold. It was also the day that Mr. L. L. Bean, the fine old mail-order supplier for outdoorsmen, died. In deference both to Mr. Bean and the weather, I put on my L. L. Bean Maine Hunting Shoes and walked slowly through a series of snowy roads and fields to a frozen pond, where a pickup hockey game was in progress. Besides various hockey personnel, ranging from age 9 to about 14, two of whom were close relatives of mine, the ice was littered with an assortment of skidding dogs, small children in rubber galoshes, babysitters pulling even smaller children on sleds and one sedate father in knickers and speed skates who was making slow, elegant circles on the pond, hands clasped behind his back.

The hockey game had been temporarily held up by the departure of one player. After a brief conference it was requested that I fill in at goal for the depleted team, on the theory that a goalie, even a father-goalie, could function adequately in hunting boots. For a subsequent, surprisingly serene hour, I stood there experiencing stress only from my eyes, which were watering from the cold. Occasionally a clutch of bodies would approach, out of which would dart the puck, sometimes to bounce off my Maine Hunting Shoes for a save (loud cheers from our side), sometimes to skitter between them for a goal (loud silence from our side).

Toward teatime the air turned so bitter cold that my wet eyelashes began to freeze to one another, making it

very difficult to carry out even the benevolent pretense of attempting to stop the puck. I therefore asked to retire. The kids agreed, and we departed for home, my sons and I, to make hot cocoa. En route I stopped to pick up a can of what I call marshmallow whip to put in the cocoa. My sons told me, however, that it was not marshmallow whip at all, but Marshmallow Fluff, which nobody puts in cocoa, Daddy; you spread it on white bread, like an open-face sandwich. I put it in my cocoa, while my oldest son kept telling me my way was all wrong.

No doubt he was right, but the cocoa was good. And so was the day, a day in which no superb deep-powder ski turns had been made, no 40-yard passes thrown to foot-drumming halfbacks, no cracking line drives gained from tough young pitchers, no sudden cheers from glowing maidens earned—but a very good day indeed. Perhaps it had been the best of all my sporting days. Certainly it had been the Coolest.

Now a year has passed since my moments on the sun deck at Alta and I can say, perhaps to my own surprise, that my ease has stood the test of time. There will be no late miracles for me, no more tears for me to make. But there is, in fact, a very good team called the Hornets, with two players having my name. Neither one is me, although to tell the truth they are both me, in left field and behind the plate, sweating Lilliputian line drives to their father's utter joy—and to the total boredom of all the mothers who dislike Little League. For a brief time last summer we even led the league. So, here I am, not with Musial on the Cardinals, but with my own two boys on the Hornets, sitting in the grandstand, having my game and watching it, too.

My wife, of course, complains. She says that while I have indeed passed 40, I passed it going in the wrong direction, that now I never play with anyone who is more than 12 years old. This may be quite true. I mean, who else will have a catch with you? END





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You'll also meet the shy Schubert; the bon vivant Rossini, famous at twenty-four for his opera *The Barber of Seville*, the consumptive Karl Maria von Weber—who gave up a Bohemian life to write opera masterpieces. You'll watch Napoleon as he rises to power. You'll find Shelley and Goethe. Edward Jenner who discovered the smallpox vaccine, Marshal Ney, Napoleon's right-hand general and Wellington, the Iron Duke, who defeated the Emperor at Waterloo. You'll have a gallery of great paintings and prints of the time, you'll journey to the dark glades and gorges of the Vienna Woods, haunt of Beethoven and Schubert.

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## Music of AGE OF REVOLUTION

### SIDE 1

BEETHOVEN—"Leonore Overture No. 3"  
WEBER—Overture to "Der Freischütz"

### SIDE 2

SCHUBERT—Symphony No. 8

### SIDE 3

SCHUBERT—Songs from "Die schöne Müllerin"

BEETHOVEN—Piano Concerto No. 4 (beginning)

### SIDE 4

BEETHOVEN—Piano Concerto No. 4 (conclusion)

BEETHOVEN—Piano Sonata No. 27

### SIDE 5

ROSSINI—Selections from "The Barber of Seville"

### SIDE 6

BEETHOVEN—String Quartet No. 18

### SIDE 7

BEETHOVEN—Symphony No. 3 (beginning)

### SIDE 8

BEETHOVEN—Symphony No. 3 (conclusion)



Napoleon Bonaparte had neither fabled background nor wealth. By his own ruthless ambition and ability to command he rose to power—at last he was a lieutenant, at 24 a general, at 26 a conqueror, and at 35 Emperor of the French. Napoleon was the "savior of Charlemagne" at his coronation and commissioned artists, such as Ingres, to depict him as a Roman emperor.



One of the magnificent instruments presented to Beethoven by his patron and friend, Prince Lichnowsky.



The young Beethoven was whisked into Viennese society, but he counted the luxury and gossip of palace life where he complained he had "to put on better clothes, worry about my beard," and preferred his own simple lodgings. In an album of drawings and photos you will visit the composer's cluttered study, his favorite country retreats and the sumptuous ballrooms where his music was played.



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Clark Mittle, St. Louis Globe-Democrat

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Millon Redner, The Washington Daily News

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# BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

## THE TOURNAMENTS

The annual jousting between the NCAA and New York's NIT for participants in their previous tournaments was resolved early. The NCAA snatched up independents Houston (25-0), St. Bonaventure (21-0), Marquette (20-1), New Mexico State (19-4), Florida State (18-6), St. John's (17-7), Boston College (15-7) and Loyola of Chicago (13-7). Two conference champions—Louisville (18-6) in the Missouri Valley and Bowling Green (17-5) in the Mid-American—were also in, and 13 more will get automatic bids.

The NIT, with 14 places to fill, took its time, operating on the theory that teams ought to play their way into the tournament. Only five teams were picked in the first week. Army (19-4), Oklahoma City (18-6), Fordham (18-7), Duquesne (17-4) and Notre Dame (16-8). The leading candidates were: independents LIU (20-0), St. Peter's (19-2), Holy Cross (15-6), Villanova (15-8), Dayton (15-9) and the best of the also-rans in the Missouri Valley (Bradley or Cincinnati), Mid-American (Toledo or Marshall), Atlantic Coast, Southern, Big Eight, Middle Atlantic, Western AC, West Coast AC and, maybe, the Ivy League.

## THE EAST 1. ST. BONAVENTURE (21-0) 2. COLUMBIA (19-3) 3. ARMY (19-4)

It was a week for fun and games in Allegany, N.Y. After undefeated St. Bonaventure beat Creighton 97-84, pranksters took down some of the 19 dummies—one for each victim—on the Bona hanging tree and burned them. Since Canisius was the next opponent, naturally its rooters were suspect. Canisius' players, however, were less resourceful. They lost to the Bonnies 79-62. Then came Niagara, with Calvin Murphy, who had rolled up 50 points as his team defeated Buffalo 99-82. St. Bonaventure prepared for a bombing, but Murphy turned feeder and scored only 24 points. Big Bob Lanier got 30, Billy Butler 29 and the Bonnies won their 21st game, 97-84.

Marquette Coach Al McGuire, an old St. John's player, was in rare fettle when his team played the Redmen. He matched up defensively with St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca, prowled the sidelines nervously and even screamed at the official timer, an old Brooklyn school chum. But McGuire calmed down when substitute Blanton Simmons dropped in two long shots in the last 26 seconds to win for Marquette 57-56.

It was a good week for most tournament teams. Army, enjoying its best season in years, walked off Navy 66-44, Boston College smashed Seton Hall 99-65 and Syracuse 97-74, and Notre Dame earned its way into the NIT by beating NYU 70-67. Only Fordham lost, to Temple 80-70, but there was some consolation for Coach Johnny Bach. He was named to the coaching job at Penn State for next year.

Some other teams, meanwhile, were trying to impress NIT selectors. Unbeaten LIU defeated Bridgeport 68-52 and Connecticut 64-47, Holy Cross took Connecticut 86-85 and Providence 64-62, St. Peter's beat Stonethill 123-86 and Villanova edged Duquesne 77-76 and whipped La Salle 64-56.

Columbia, playing without ailing 7' Dave Newmark, was up to its ears in trouble against Yale. But Jim McMillan, who scored 32 points, ran off 13 straight in the second half and the Lions pulled through 67-61. They also had the Ivy lead to themselves when Dartmouth upset Princeton 62-60.

## THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (22-1) 2. KENTUCKY (19-4) 3. DAVIDSON (19-4)

Adolph Rupp's problem has never been one of communication with his players. After all, what is there to puzzle over when The Baron barges off the bench, stomps, pounds his fist into his palm and tongue-lashes erring Wildcats? His timing was perfect last Saturday night. Alabama's Mike Nordholt had just gotten away for two easy layups to cut Kentucky's lead to a single point when Rupp, scowling darkly, got up and did his bit. Sophomores Dan Issel, Mike Casey and Mike Pratt responded. They scored 28, 22 and 19 points, respectively, to lead the Wildcats to a 96-83 victory that probably ended the SEC race.

The win assured Kentucky of at least a tie for the title. Georgia, which had lost earlier to the Wildcats 106-87, upset Vanderbilt 91-77, and Auburn shocked Tennessee 53-52 at Knoxville, where the Big Orange had won 33 in a row. It was a typical week for LSU's Pate Maravich (page 22). He scored 34 as LSU beat Mississippi State 94-83, 55 more in a 99-92 win over Tulane to become the first sophomore to get more than 1,000 points in a season, and 40 while his team was losing to Mississippi 87-85.

To nobody's surprise, North Carolina rolled over Maryland 83-60 and Virginia 92-74—for its 20th straight—to win the regular-season championship in the ACC. Duke, however, ran into trouble. The Blue

Devils survived a 10½-minute stall by Wake Forest to win 50-41, and then two nights later South Carolina started off with the same tactics at Orlum. Duke quickly moved out of its 1-2-2 zone into a pressing man-to-man to stir up the action, but the Gamecocks, led by Jack Thompson's 22 points, won 56-50.

Davidson pounded Richmond 106-89—and beat independent Tulane 76-68—to win the Southern Conference title, but the Wildcats will have to do it all over again in the conference tournament at Charlotte this weekend to get to the NCAA tournament. Runner-up West Virginia polished off Pitt 87-76 and George Washington 90-72, while East Tennessee took over the Ohio Valley lead when Western Kentucky beat Murray State 86-83.

## THE MIDWEST 1. MARQUETTE (20-3) 2. LOUISVILLE (18-6) 3. KANSAS (16-6)

Louisville's John Deane breathed a sigh of relief last Saturday night and said, "I'll sleep tonight for the first time in two months." His Cards, who had slumped horribly at the start of the season and then given him fits even when they began to win, had just taken Wichita State 98-88 to win the Missouri Valley title.

The Mid-American race also was decided when Bowling Green edged Kent State 65-63 and ran over Ohio U. 84-63. But the Big Ten and Big Eight were still up in the air. Purdue, now that Coach George King has settled on his offense—"give the ball to Rick Mount and let him shoot"—was making its move in the Big Ten. With Mount scoring 38 points, Purdue beat Iowa 86-73 to knock the Hawks out of the lead and then did the same thing to Ohio State 93-72 as Mount gunned for 34. That put Purdue in first place, along with Iowa, which bounced back into a tie by defeating Indiana 78-70.

The Big Eight had a triple tie—Kansas State, Kansas and Iowa State—after K-State surprised Kansas 64-61 in overtime. Coach Tex Winter gambled on using a zone against the Jayhawks and it worked.

Loyola of Chicago beat Bowling Green 83-74 but then the Ramblers ran into red-hot Dayton. They could not handle Deane May, who scored 33 points, and the Flyers won 91-75. Dayton trounced Canisius, too, 82-64 for its eighth straight win.

## THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (25-0) 2. NEW MEXICO STATE (19-4) 3. OKLAHOMA CITY (18-6)

Unbeaten Houston, which has been blithely battering second-raters the past few weeks, finally figured out what to do for excitement. Set some records, that's what. The Cougars bombed poor little Texas at Arlington 130-75 and Valparaiso 158-81, breaking



the major-college scoring mark in the second game. Elvin Hayes, naturally, got in on the fun, too. He scored 44 against Arlington, 62 more against Valparaiso, to become the second-highest three-year college scorer. Hayes now has 2,587 points, second only to Oscar Robertson's 2,973.

New Mexico State, in a fond farewell to the Las Cruces high school gym it has been using (the Aggies get their own place next year), beat Texas at El Paso 68-63. And that was only the beginning of UTEP's troubles. The Miners also lost to West Texas State 65-63. Oklahoma City put down Hardin-Simmons 78-74 as Rich Travis scored 32 points.

Even Texans, who have become used to the shenanigans in the rowdy Southwest Conference, could hardly believe what happened last week. Baylor, which appeared to have a lock on the SWC title not too long ago, was suddenly out of the lead after losing four straight, the last two to SMU 70-63 and Texas Tech 65-63. Texas, meanwhile, took over first place. The Longhorns beat Texas Tech 79-60 and SMU 83-72.

#### THE WEST 1. UCLA (21-1), 2. NEW MEXICO (22-2) 3. SANTA CLARA (17-3)

UCLA Coach John Wooden has an answer for everything, it seems. Lew Alcindor was having all kinds of trouble with Washington's gauging defense. He was held to one field goal in the first half and UCLA led only 38-31. So Wooden moved a forward up to a high post and the Bruins began hitting Alcindor cutting across the lane. That scattered the Huskies. Alcindor finished with 23 points and UCLA won 84-67.

Still hoping to catch UCLA, the Trojans of USC beat Washington State 73-58 and were just a game behind the Bruins. What's new at California? Well, Bob Presley and Russ Critchfield were passing off to each other, and Cal beat Oregon 76-64 and Oregon State 71-58.

All season long New Mexico had saved its half-court press for the second half, usually when the Lobos were behind. Against Arizona and Arizona State, New Mexico began pressing from the start and it was a revelation. Ron Sanford scored 34 points and Arizona fell 102-74. Howard Grimes got 26 and Arizona State lost 105-83.

Utah Coach Jack Gardner's stomach was churning after what happened to his team in Provo. The Utes had just cut Brigham Young's 49-point lead to one with 29 seconds to go. Then Randy Schouten dribbled the length of the court for a layup and BYU won 93-90 to drop Utah 1½ games behind New Mexico in the Western AC.

Santa Clara, even after beating San Jose State 86-66 for its 10th straight, was still tied with Loyola for first in the West Coast AC. But Weber State, with three games to go, had a tie clinched in the Big Sky. **END**

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## JUST FOLKS

Sirs,

Congratulations to Oon Jenkins and Bob Ottum for their "just folks" reports on the Olympics (*Illustrated Time in France*, Feb. 19). We Olympic spectators are quick to place our heroes on pedestals even higher than those on which they receive their medals. It is good to know that Jean-Claude Killy is not some superbeing come down from Mount Olympus to lend glamour to the Games. It is good to know that he is cute, sweet and cuddly; that Peggy Fleming has human foibles—and runs in her stockings. Clumsies of the world rejoice! Of course, there are the members of the American Alpine team who, woefully, seem almost too human—but they keep trying, and, at the risk of sounding patriotic, this is a most admirable quality.

JUDITH F. PHOENIX

Smyrna, Ga.

Sirs,

Thanks for a most refreshing article on the paragon of American teen-agers, Miss Peggy Fleming. She and the other teens in Olympic Village—not those from Greenwich Village—are symbolic of our country's youth.

BOB PELUSE

Goshen, N.Y.

## LIKE IT IS

Sirs,

Tex Maule has given us a unique insight into the thoughts and beliefs of Muhammad Ali (*For Ali, a Time to Preach*, Feb. 19). While I am no follower of the champ's teachings, I must respect him for continuing his religious studies in the face of severe criticism. I also wish to commend *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for continuing to recognize Muhammad Ali as World Heavyweight Champion.

RUSSELL C. JONES

Baltimore

Sirs,

It is a sad day in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s history when it condones, even by implication, actions that are contrary to this country's beliefs, heritage and ideology. Muhammad Ali seems to be able to change his name and religion overnight, and then he expects to be exonerated from the responsibility of being a citizen of the U.S. It appears that Mr. Maule and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* approve.

THOMAS HEATH

Sarasota, Fla.

Sirs,

The Rev. Muhammad Ali was not designated by Allah to preach. He was appointed

ed by his draft board to serve. Since he opposes all court orders, some action must be taken against him, but why do we not send him abroad where our military men are stationed and have him serve his country in the fashion he knows best by giving exhibitions of boxing. It would be wonderful entertainment for these deserving men. In addition, the Reverend could stay in shape for two or more years, and then he would be able to return and regain his crown.

PHILIP S. KIMURKY

Hartford, Conn.

Sirs,

Pow! Pow! Muhammad Ali is still the heavyweight champion. Great going, Tex baby. Tell a like it is.

VIRGIL B. T. COMBS

Alhambra, Calif.

## TRADEMARKS

Sirs,

The remarkable color photographs of Jim Barrows' head-over-heels pratfall at your February 19 issue were obviously selected in deference to the rulings of Avery Brundage. Your photographer has been careful to shoot them from an angle that deletes the manufacturer's labels on the skis in every shot. Considering that Mr. Barrows' flip encompassed every one of the 360 degrees as the circle he traversed, this is indeed an accomplishment.

CHARLES L. LYLE

Birmingham, Mich.

Sirs,

Three cheers for every dart Dan Jenkins aimed at Avery Brundage in his February 19 report from Grenoble. To restrict competitive sports to the semi-pure amateur serves only to perpetuate sport as recreation for the rich. Men like Brundage, who perpetuate themselves in the political power circles of organized sport, do not speak for the great majority of American competitors. Mr. Brundage and his Olympic committees would better serve American sports by devoting their time to fund-raising, thus providing equal opportunity for the American teams that are struggling in the international arena. To the true sportsman, ability is the only valid measure of an athlete. The source of his income is irrelevant.

I still have a copy of your article *A Question of the Soul* (Aug. 15, 1960), but I think the time is ripe for SI to do another major article on "amateurism." If you do, take a good look at water skiing. It is one of the few truly "open sports" on the American scene. There are no pros, no amateurs—not even a definition of these terms in the rule books. There are good skiers and bad

skiers. Period. And good competition isn't that what sport is all about?

WARREN WITTEKILL

Eastern Amateur Ski Assoc.

Lake Placid, N.Y.

P.S. I use Head and Rossignol skis. Large boots, Pramatic poles, Nevada and Salomon bindings and Duofold underwear.

Sirs,

Avery Brundage has said that the IOC would not tolerate open Olympics—that is, Olympics in which professionals could compete. Just who does Mr. Brundage think he's kidding? It takes an enormous amount of hard, cold cash for an athlete to properly prepare himself for the Olympics, but the Olympic rules state that he must not use his athletic skills to help defray costs if he expects to compete. This places unnecessary strains upon the athlete, because he must split every waking hour between his regular job and preparing for the Olympics.

What Mr. Brundage doesn't seem to understand is that there is a group of people other than the promoters and the pros who would benefit from the admittance of professionals to the Olympics—the spectators, who would then be seeing the greatest athletes in the world, and not merely a bunch of second-rate competitors. Granted, the skiers now competing are the best in the world, but what happens if Jean-Claude Killy "sells" his name to an American firm next year, thereby eliminating himself from Olympic and World Cup competition?

If Mr. Brundage and his stuffed-shirt buddies in the IOC really want to do something of lasting benefit for the Olympic Games, let them even things up and make the Games an open affair. Come one, come all, and may the very best man win.

TERRY WALKER

Willowdale, Ont.

Sirs,

I was never so proud of being a Canadian as I was when I watched the final Olympic hockey game where Canada lost to Russia by a score of 5-0. We all know that the Russian team is, by any standards except their own, a professional team, and our amateur team gave them one helluva game.

REN SYDES

Mount Vernon, Wash.

## ETERNAL HOPE

Sirs,

About Alfred Wright's article on Bob Hope (*Golf Is a Game of Hope*, Feb. 12), thanks for the memory.

RICHARD COHEN

Chicago

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